

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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## A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In Three Books.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

### BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

#### CHAPTER IV. CONGRATULATORY.

FROM the dimly-lighted passages of the court, the last sediment of the human stew that had been boiling there all day, was straining off, when Doctor Manette, Lucie Manette his daughter, Mr. Lorry, the solicitor for the defence, and its counsel Mr. Stryver, stood gathered around Mr. Charles Darnay—just released—congratulating him on his escape from death.

It would have been difficult by a far brighter light, to recognise in Doctor Manette, intellectual of face and upright of bearing, the shoemaker of the garret in Paris. Yet, no one could have looked at him twice, without looking again: even though the opportunity of observation had not extended to the mournful cadence of his low grave voice, and to the abstraction that overclouded him fitfully, without any apparent reason. While one external cause, and that a reference to his long lingering agony, would always—as on the trial—evoke this condition from the depths of his soul, it was also in its nature to arise of itself, and to draw a gloom over him, as incomprehensible to those unacquainted with his story as if they had seen the shadow of the actual Bastille thrown upon him by a summer sun, when the substance was three hundred miles away.

Only his daughter had the power of charming this black brooding from his mind. She was the golden thread that united him to a Past beyond his misery, and to a Present beyond his misery: and the sound of her voice, the light of her face, the touch of her hand, had a strong beneficial influence with him almost always. Not absolutely always, for she could recall some occasions on which her power had failed; but, they were few and slight, and she believed them over.

Mr. Darnay had kissed her hand fervently and gratefully, and had turned to Mr. Stryver, whom he warmly thanked. Mr. Stryver, a man of little more than thirty, but looking twenty years older than he was, stout, loud, red, bluff, and free from any drawback of delicacy, had a pushing way of shouldering himself (morally

and physically) into companies and conversations, that augured well for his shouldering his way up in life.

He still had his wig and gown on, and he said, squaring himself at his late client to that degree that he squeezed the innocent Mr. Lorry clean out of the group: "I am glad to have brought you off with honour, Mr. Darnay. It was an infamous prosecution, grossly infamous; but not the less likely to succeed, on that account."

"You have laid me under an obligation to you for life—in two senses," said his late client, taking his hand.

"I have done my best for you, Mr. Darnay; and my best is as good as another man's, I believe."

It clearly being incumbent on somebody to say, "Much better," Mr. Lorry said it; perhaps not quite disinterestedly, but with the interested object of squeezing himself back again.

"You think so?" said Mr. Stryver. "Well! you have been present all day, and you ought to know. You are a man of business, too."

"And as such," quoth Mr. Lorry, whom the counsel learned in the law had now shouldered back into the group, just as he had previously shouldered him out of it—"as such, I will appeal to Doctor Manette, to break up this conference and order us all to our homes. Miss Lucie looks ill, Mr. Darnay has had a terrible day, we are worn out."

"Speak for yourself, Mr. Lorry," said Stryver; "I have a night's work to do yet. Speak for yourselves."

"I speak for myself," answered Mr. Lorry, "and for Mr. Darnay, and for Miss Lucie, and—Miss Lucie, do you not think I may speak for us all?" He asked her the question pointedly, and with a glance at her father.

His face had become frozen, as it were, in a very curious look at Darnay: an intent look, deepening into a frown of dislike and distrust, not even unmixed with fear. With this strange expression on him his thoughts had wandered away.

"My father," said Lucie, softly laying her hand on his.

He slowly shook the shadow off, and turned to her.

"Shall we go home, my father?"

With a long breath, he answered, "Yes."

The friends of the acquitted prisoner had dispersed, under the impression—which he himself had originated—that he would not be released that night. The lights were nearly all extinguished in the passages, the iron gates were being closed with a jar and a rattle, and the dismal place was deserted until to-morrow morning's interest of gallows, pillory, whipping-post, and branding-iron, should repeople it. Walking between her father and Mr. Darnay, Lucie Manette passed into the open air. A hackney-coach was called, and the father and daughter departed in it.

Mr. Stryver had left them in the passages, to shoulder his way back to the robing-room. Another person who had not joined the group, or interchanged a word with any one of them, but who had been leaning against the wall where its shadow was darkest, had silently strolled out after the rest, and had looked on until the coach drove away. He now stepped up to where Mr. Lorry and Mr. Darnay stood upon the pavement.

"So, Mr. Lorry! Men of business may speak to Mr. Darnay now?"

Nobody had made any acknowledgment of Mr. Carton's part in the day's proceedings; nobody had known of it. He was unrobed, and was none the better for it in appearance.

"If you knew what a conflict goes on in the business mind, when the business mind is divided between good-natured impulse and business appearances, you would be amused, Mr. Darnay."

Mr. Lorry reddened, and said, warmly, "You have mentioned that before, sir. We men of business who serve a House, are not our own masters. We have to think of the House, more than of ourselves."

"I know, I know," rejoined Mr. Carton, carelessly. "Don't be nettled, Mr. Lorry. You are as good as another, I have no doubt; better, I dare say."

"And indeed, sir," pursued Mr. Lorry, not minding him, "I really don't know what you have to do with the matter. If you'll excuse me, as very much your elder, for saying so, I really don't know that it is your business."

"Business! Bless you, I have no business," said Mr. Carton.

"It is a pity you have not, sir."

"I think so too."

"If you had," pursued Mr. Lorry, "perhaps you would attend to it."

"Lord love you, no!—I shouldn't," said Mr. Carton.

"Well, sir!" cried Mr. Lorry, thoroughly heated by his indifference, "business is a very good thing, and a very respectable thing. And, sir, if business imposes its restraints and its silences and impediments, Mr. Darnay as a young gentleman of generosity knows how to make allowance for that circumstance. Mr. Darnay, good night, God bless you, sir! I hope you have been this day preserved for a prosperous and happy life.—Chair there!"

Perhaps a little angry with himself, as well as

with the barrister, Mr. Lorry hustled into the chair, and was carried off to Tellson's, Carton, who smelt of port wine, and did not appear to be quite sober, laughed then, and turned to Darnay:

"This is a strange chance that throws you and me together. This must be a strange night to you, standing alone here with your counterpart on these street-stones?"

"I hardly seem yet," returned Charles Darnay, "to belong to this world again."

"I don't wonder at it; it's not so long since you were pretty far advanced on your way to another. You speak faintly."

"I begin to think I am faint."

"Then why the devil don't you dine? I dined, myself, while those numskulls were deliberating which world you should belong to—this, or some other. Let me show you the nearest tavern to dine well at."

Drawing his arm through his own, he took him down Ludgate-hill to Fleet-street, and so, up a covered way, into a tavern. Here, they were shown into a little room, where Charles Darnay was soon recruiting his strength with a good plain dinner and good wine: while Carton sat opposite to him at the same table, with his separate bottle of port before him, and his fully half-insolent manner upon him.

"Do you feel, yet, that you belong to this terrestrial scheme again, Mr. Darnay?"

"I am frightfully confused regarding time and place; but I am so far mended as to feel that."

"It must be an immense satisfaction!"

He said it bitterly, and filled up his glass again: which was a large one.

"As to me, the greatest desire I have, is to forget that I belong to it. It has no good in it for me—except wine like this—nor I for it. So we are not much alike in that particular. Indeed, I begin to think we are not much alike in any particular, you and I."

Confused by the emotion of the day, and feeling his being there with this Double of coarse deportment, to be like a dream, Charles Darnay was at a loss how to answer; finally, answered not at all.

"Now your dinner is done," Carton presently said, "why don't you call a health, Mr. Darnay, why don't you give your toast?"

"What health? What toast?"

"Why, it's on the tip of your tongue. It ought to be, it must be, I'll swear it's there."

"Miss Manette, then!"

"Miss Manette, then!"

Looking his companion full in the face while he drank the toast, Carton flung his glass over his shoulder against the wall, where it shivered to pieces; then, rang the bell, and ordered in another.

"That's a fair young lady to hand to a coach in the dark, Mr. Darnay!" he said, filling his new goblet.

A slight frown and a laconic "Yes," were the answer.

"That's a fair young lady to be pitied by and wept for by! How does it feel? Is it worth

being tried for one's life, to be the object of such sympathy and compassion, Mr. Darnay?"

Again Darnay answered not a word.

"She was mightily pleased to have your message, when I gave it her. Not that she showed she was pleased, but I suppose she was."

The allusion served as a timely reminder to Darnay that this disagreeable companion had, of his own free will, assisted him in the strait of the day. He turned the dialogue to that point, and thanked him for it.

"I neither want any thanks, nor merit any," was the careless rejoinder. "It was nothing to do, in the first place; and I don't know why I did it, in the second. Mr. Darnay, let me ask you a question."

"Willingly, and a small return for your good offices."

"Do you think I particularly like you?"

"Really, Mr. Carton," returned the other, oddly disconcerted, "I have not asked myself the question."

"But ask yourself the question now."

"You have acted as if you do; but I don't think you do."

"I don't think I do," said Carton. "I begin to have a very good opinion of your understanding."

"Nevertheless," pursued Darnay, rising to ring the bell, "there is nothing in that, I hope, to prevent my calling the reckoning, and our parting without ill-blood on either side."

Carton rejoining, "Nothing in life!" Darnay rang. "Do you call the whole reckoning?" said Carton. On his answering in the affirmative, "Then bring me another pint of this same wine, drawer, and come and wake me at ten."

The bill being paid, Charles Darnay rose and wished him good night. Without returning the wish, Carton rose too, with something of a threat or defiance in his manner, and said, "A last word, Mr. Darnay: you think I am drunk?"

"I think you have been drinking, Mr. Carton."

"Think? You know I have been drinking."

"Since I must say so, I know it."

"Then you shall likewise know why. I am a disappointed drudge, sir. I care for no man on earth, and no man on earth cares for me."

"Much to be regretted. You might have used your talents better."

"May be so, Mr. Darnay; may be not. Don't let your sober face elate you, however; you don't know what it may come to. Good night!"

When he was left alone, this strange being took up a candle, went to a glass that hung against the wall, and surveyed himself minutely in it.

"Do you particularly like the man?" he muttered, at his own image; "why should you particularly like a man who resembles you? There is nothing in you to like; you know that. Ab, confound you! What a change you have made in yourself! A good reason for taking to a man, that he shows you what you have fallen away from and what you might have been! Change places

with him, and would you have been looked at by those blue eyes as he was, and commiserated by that agitated face as he was? Come on, and have it out in plain words! You hate the fellow."

He resorted to his pint of wine for consolation, drank it all in a few minutes, and fell asleep on his arms, with his hair straggling over the table, and a long winding-sheet in the candle dripping down upon him.

#### CHAPTER V. THE JACKAL.

THOSE were drinking days, and most men drank hard. So very great is the improvement Time has brought about in such habits, that a moderate statement of the quantity of wine and punch which one man would swallow in the course of a night, without any detriment to his reputation as a perfect gentleman, would seem, in these days, a ridiculous exaggeration. The learned profession of the Law was certainly not behind any other learned profession in its Bacchanalian propensities; neither was Mr. Stryver, already fast shouldering his way to a large and lucrative practice, behind his conpeers in this particular, any more than in the drier parts of the legal race.

A favourite at the Old Bailey, and eke at the Sessions, Mr. Stryver had begun cautiously to hew away the lower staves of the ladder on which he mounted. Sessions and Old Bailey had now to summon their favourite, specially, to their longing arms; and shouldering itself towards the visage of the Lord Chief Justice in the Court of King's Bench, the florid countenance of Mr. Stryver might be daily seen, bursting out of the bed of wigs, like a great sunflower pushing its way at the sun from among a rank garden-full of flaring companions.

It had once been noted at the Bar, that while Mr. Stryver was a glib man, and an unscrupulous, and a ready, and a bold, he had not that faculty of extracting the essence from a heap of statements, which is among the most striking and necessary of the advocate's accomplishments. But, a remarkable improvement came upon him as to this. The more business he got, the greater his power seemed to grow of getting at its pith and marrow; and however late at night he sat carousing with Sydney Carton, he always had his points at his fingers' ends in the morning.

Sydney Carton, idlest and most unpromising of men, was Stryver's great ally. What the two drank together, between Hilary Term and Michaelmas, might have floated a king's ship. Stryver never had a case in hand, anywhere, but Carton was there, with his hands in his pockets, staring at the ceiling of the court; they went the same Circuit, and even there they prolonged their usual orgies late into the night, and Carton was rumoured to be seen at broad day, going home stealthily and unsteadily to his lodgings, like a dissipated cat. At last, it began to get about, among such as were interested in the matter, that although Sydney Carton would never be a lion, he was an amazingly good

jackal, and that he rendered suit and service to Stryver in that humble capacity.

"Ten o'clock, sir," said the man at the tavern, whom he had charged to wake him—"ten o'clock, sir."

"What's the matter?"

"Ten o'clock, sir."

"What do you mean? Ten o'clock at night?"

"Yes, sir. Your honour told me to call you."

"Oh! I remember. Very well, very well."

After a few dull efforts to get to sleep again, which the man dexterously combated by stirring the fire continuously for five minutes, he got up, tossed his hat on, and walked out. He turned into the Temple, and, having revived himself by twice pacing the pavements of King's Bench-walk and Paper-buildings, turned into the Stryver chambers.

The Stryver clerk, who never assisted at these conferences, had gone home, and the Stryver principal opened the door. He had his slippers on, and a loose bedgown, and his throat was bare for his greater ease. He had that rather wild, strained, seared marking about the eyes, which may be observed in all free livers of his class, from the portrait of Jeffries downward, and which can be traced, under various disguises of Art, through the portraits of every Drinking Age.

"You are a little late, Memory," said Stryver.

"About the usual time; it may be a quarter of an hour later."

They went into a dingy room lined with books and littered with papers, where there was a blazing fire. A kettle steamed upon the hob, and in the midst of the wreck of papers a table shone, with plenty of wine upon it, and brandy, and rum, and sugar, and lemons.

"You have had your bottle, I perceive, Sydney."

"Two to-night, I think. I have been dining with the day's client; or seeing him dine—it's all one!"

"That was a rare point, Sydney, that you brought to bear upon the identification. How did you come by it? When did it strike you?"

"I thought he was rather a handsome fellow, and I thought I should have been much the same sort of fellow, if I had had any luck."

Mr. Stryver laughed, till he shook his pre-ococious paunch. "You and your luck, Sydney! Get to work, get to work."

Sullenly enough, the jackal loosened his dress, went into an adjoining room, and came back with a large jug of cold water, a basin, and a towel or two. Steeping the towels in the water, and partially wringing them out, he folded them on his head in a manner hideous to behold, sat down at the table, and said, "Now I am ready!"

"Not much boiling down to be done to-night, Memory," said Mr. Stryver, gaily, as he looked among his papers.

"How much?"

"Only two sets of them."

"Give me the worst first."

"There they are, Sydney. Fire away!"

The lion then composed himself on his back on a sofa on one side of the drinking-table, while the jackal sat at his own paper-bestrewn table proper, on the other side of it, with the bottles and glasses ready to his hand. Both resorted to the drinking-table without stint, but each in a different way; the lion for the most part reclining with his hands in his waistband, looking at the fire, or occasionally flirting with some lighter document; the jackal, with knitted brows and intent face, so deep in his task, that his eyes did not even follow the hand he stretched out for his glass—which often groped about, for a minute or more, before it found the glass for his lips. Two or three times, the matter in hand became so knotty, that the jackal found it imperative on him to get up, and steep his towels anew. From these pilgrimages to the jug and basin, he returned with such eccentricities of damp head-gear as no words can describe; which were made the more ludicrous by his anxious gravity.

At length the jackal had got together a compact repast for the lion, and proceeded to offer it to him. The lion took it with care and caution, made his selections from it, and his remarks upon it, and the jackal assisted both. When the repast was fully discussed, the lion put his hands in his waistband again, and lay down to meditate. The jackal then invigorated himself with a bumper for his throttle, and a fresh application to his head, and applied himself to the collection of a second meal; this was administered to the lion in the same manner, and was not disposed of until the clocks struck three in the morning.

"And now we have done, Sydney, fill a bumper of punch," said Mr. Stryver.

The jackal removed the towels from his head, which had been steaming again, shook himself, yawned, shivered, and complied.

"You were very sound, Sydney, in the matter of those crown witnesses to-day. Every question told."

"I always am sound; am I not?"

"I don't gainsay it. What has roughened your temper? Put some punch to it and smooth it again."

With a deprecatory grunt, the jackal again complied.

"The old Sydney Carton of old Shrewsbury School," said Stryver, nodding his head over him as he reviewed him in the present and the past, "the old seesaw Sydney. Up one minute and down the next; now in spirits and now in despondency!"

"Ah!" returned the other, sighing: "yes! The same Sydney, with the same luck. Even then, I did exercises for other boys, and seldom did my own."

"And why not?"

"God knows. It was my way, I suppose." He sat with his hands in his pockets and his legs stretched out before him, looking at the fire.

"Carton," said his friend, squaring himself at him with a bullying air, as if the fire-grate had

been the furnace in which sustained endeavour was forged, and the one delicate thing to be done for the old Sydney Carton of old Shrewsbury School was to shoulder him into it, "your way is, and always was, a lame way. You summon no energy and purpose. Look at me."

"Oh, botheration!" returned Sydney, with a lighter and more good-humoured laugh, "don't you be moral!"

"How have I done what I have done?" said Stryver; "how do I do what I do?"

"Partly through paying me to help you, I suppose. But it's not worth your while to apostrophise me, or the air, about it; what you want to do, you do. You were always in the front rank, and I was always behind."

"I had to get into the front rank; I was not born there, was I?"

"I was not present at the ceremony; but my opinion is you were," said Carton. At this, he laughed again, and they both laughed.

"Before Shrewsbury, and at Shrewsbury, and ever since Shrewsbury," pursued Carton, "you have fallen into your rank, and I have fallen into mine. Even when we were fellow-students in the Quartier Latin, picking up French, and French law, and other French crumbs that we didn't get much good of, you were always somewhere, and I was always—nowhere."

"And whose fault was that?"

"Upon my soul, I am not sure that it was not yours. You were always driving and riving and shoudering and pressing, to that restless degree that I had no chance for my life but in rust and repose. It's a gloomy thing, however, to talk about one's own past, with the day breaking. Turn me in some other direction before I go."

"Well then! Pledge me to the pretty witness," said Stryver, holding up his glass. "Are you turned in a pleasant direction?"

Apparently not, for he became gloomy again.

"Pretty witness," he muttered, looking down into his glass. "I have had enough of witnesses to-day and to-night; who's your pretty witness?"

"The picturesque doctor's daughter, Miss Manette."

"She pretty!"

"Is she not?"

"No."

"Why, man alive, she was the admiration of the whole Court!"

"Rot the admiration of the whole Court! Who made the Old Bailey a judge of beauty? She was a golden-haired doll!"

"Do you know, Sydney," said Mr. Stryver, looking at him with sharp eyes, and slowly drawing a hand across his florid face: "do you know, I rather thought, at the time, that you sympathised with the golden-haired doll, and were quick to see what happened to the golden-haired doll?"

"Quick to see what happened! If a girl, doll or no doll, swoons within a yard or two of a man's nose, he can see it without a perspective-glass. I pledge you, but I deny the beauty.

And now I'll have no more drink; I'll get to bed."

When his host followed him out on the staircase with a candle, to light him down the stairs, the day was coldly looking in through its grimy windows. When he got out of the house, the air was cold and sad, the dull sky overcast, the river dark and dim, the whole scene like a lifeless desert. And wreaths of dust were spinning round and round before the morning blast, as if the desert-sand had risen far away, and the first spray of it in its advance had begun the overwhelming of the city.

Waste forces within him, and a desert all around, this man stood still on his way across a silent terrace, and saw for a moment, lying in the wilderness before him, a mirage of honourable ambition, self-denial, and perseverance. In the fair city of this vision, there were airy galleries from which the loves and graces looked upon him, gardens in which the fruits of life hung ripening, waters of Hope that sparkled in his sight. A moment, and it was gone. Climbing to a high chamber in a well of houses, he threw himself down in his clothes on a neglected bed, and its pillow was wet with wasted tears.

Sadly, sadly, the sun rose; and it rose upon no sadder sight than the man of good abilities and good emotions, incapable of their directed exercise, incapable of his own help and his own happiness, sensible of the blight on him, and resigning himself to let it eat him away.

#### THE PARLIAMENTARY M.C.

HAVING a past life to be proud of, Parliament is pleasantly remarkable for rigid settlement into the innumerable little habits and ceremonies natural to any orderly body of advanced years. Of these little ceremonies we shall here act as master.

The year of the birth of our Imperial Parliament is an interesting mystery. The good old body does not live in single blessedness. Parliament comprises the whole substance of the government of the great British empire. It includes the Queen herself. Five hundred years ago, the Pope having asked homage and arrears of a grant made by King John to the Holy See, Edward the Third laid the demand before Parliament. The prelates, dukes, counts, barons, and commons, thereupon answered and said, with one accord, that no King could put himself, or his kingdom, or people, in such subjection without their assent. Even in the time of Queen Elizabeth, who pushed royal prerogative to the utmost, a prominent writer upon our political system taught that "the most high and absolute power of the realm of England consisteth in the Parliament," and then proceeded to assign to the Crown the same place in Parliament that has been assigned to it by statute since the Revolution. Her Majesty, then, is a member of Parliament.

Still the Queen is supreme. The assembly of the House of Commons takes place in obedience to royal will expressed by the Queen's

writ, and that body may be dissolved at any moment by her Majesty. When so dissolved, the law only requires that a new House be summoned within three years. But, as the House of Commons keeps the public purse, the state has need of its annual assistance. It is only by votes of the House of Commons annually passed, that money necessary for the use of government—and covering no more than a year's wants—can be obtained.

Lords spiritual and temporal sit together in a House of their own; but the Commons—the whole people of Great Britain not being peers or spiritual lords—are, as everybody knows, the last and chief estate which forms the British Parliament; and they are there represented by the knights, citizens, and burgesses whom they elect.

The first knights of the shire probably are to be found among the lesser barons, who, forbearing to attend in mass, elected some rich members of their own body to represent them. King John asked, by a writ to the sheriff of each county, to send four discreet knights to confer with him concerning the affairs of his kingdom. This very likely means that, in each county, the sheriff was at that time sole elector. Even in *Magna Charta*, the great charter of King John, there is nothing to show how the people had been represented. But of the main constitution of our Parliament, that charter, six hundred and forty-four years old, exhibits the earliest outline. This we find in the promise of the king, "to summon all archbishops, bishops, abbots, earls, and greater barons personally, and all other tenants-in-chief under the Crown, by the sheriff and bailiffs, to meet at a certain place, with forty days' notice, to assess aids and scutages when necessary." It is difficult to say how far the more essential part of this promise was kept. The first absolutely clear evidence of the recognition of the Commons as an estate of the realm was supplied not quite six hundred years ago, in the reign of Henry the Third, when Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, issued writs to the sheriffs, directing them to return two knights for each county, and two citizens or burgesses for every city and borough. It was Edward the First who, in a memorable statute, admitted to the Commons their *scie* right to tax themselves. Such was the beginning of health in our strong constitution.

The number of the members of the House of Commons used to be variable. Fresh privileges were from time to time granted by charter; returns were omitted or suppressed by negligence or corruption of sheriffs, or at the wish of poor communities unwilling to furnish the day's wages to which representatives were formerly entitled. Such wages were, in the reign of Edward III., four shillings for a county and two shillings for a borough member; which would be equal, perhaps, to two guineas and one guinea of present money. The House of Commons, in that reign, contained about two hundred representatives. In the reign of Henry the Sixth there were three hundred. Between the reigns of Henry the

Eighth and Charles the Second one hundred and eighty new members were added. Forty-five Scotch members came in at the union with Scotland, and a hundred Irish at the union with Ireland. The number of the members was raised to six hundred and fifty-eight, and was not altered by the Reform Acts of 1832. But the disfranchisements of Sudbury and St. Albans afterwards caused a deduction of four from the list.

Parliament has imperial authority, extending over all her Majesty's dominions. It is a ruling power, bound by no charter, and pledged to no basis of a constitution. It has in itself sole right to make and alter British law. Queen, Lords, and Commons might consent to destroy the whole existing order of things, and to create a crossing-sweeper out of Seven-dials the sole irresponsible Emperor of Great Britain and her dependencies. Such a proceeding is impossible, but if it were possible, it would not be illegal. The only check upon extravagance in the Imperial Parliament, beyond its own inherent wisdom, is the power of the nation to assert itself on fit occasion; the determination of the English people to maintain rational freedom.

As it is the prerogative of the Crown to dissolve and summon Parliaments, so it is the duty of the Crown, by a royal speech, to give a starting-point to the business of a new session by making known the causes of the summons. This being done, each House asserts its dignity, by reading, for the first time, some bill of its own before it takes the royal speech into consideration.

It is only upon the death of a sovereign that Parliament can meet without a summons. In that event it is bound to meet and sit immediately. It so met on a Sunday, on the death of William the Third, and it has happened that the deaths of Queen Anne, of George the Second, and of George the Third, also made Sunday sittings necessary.

The Lords have a peculiar position as a court of justice, constituting the supreme court of appeal from other law courts. This right they trace back to their ancient rank as the king's council, which heard causes, assisted by the judges.

In case of impeachment, the Commons, as the inquest of the nation, find the crime; and then, as prosecutors, put the impeached man upon his trial, and the Lords are at once jurymen and judges in the matter. In the sixty or seventy years before our Revolution there were forty cases of impeachment. For the last hundred years there have been only two.

An important right maintained by the Commons—next in importance, perhaps, as a safeguard, to the right of free speech and the voting supplies—is the right of determining the fitness of elections. But the House cannot coerce a constituency which is exercising any of its rights within the bounds of law. It may expel a member; but, if he be in other respects legally eligible, his constituency is at liberty to re-elect him. A contest of that kind occurred in the case of John Wilkes,

who was repeatedly expelled and re-elected. Mr. Luttrell, a member of the House, then resigned his seat by acceptance of the Chiltern Hundreds, and came forward to contest Wilkes's election. He was beaten, and petitioned against the return. The House finished the plot by declaring that, although Wilkes had the majority of votes from the Middlesex electors, Luttrell was elected. This was a reversal of law, not by the whole Parliament, which is permissible; but by a single estate of the realm, which is usurpation. Public opinion asserted itself; and, a few years afterwards, the objectionable resolution was, by the House of Commons itself, expunged from the journals as "subversive of the rights of the whole body of electors of this kingdom."

The internal machinery of Parliament is regulated in accordance with unwritten law, established from its rolls and records by precedents and continued experience. Its privileges are whatever it has been the custom to observe as such. But this must be old custom. More than one hundred and fifty years ago the Lords, at a conference, communicated to the Commons a resolution "that neither House of Parliament has power, by any vote or declaration, to create to itself new privileges not warranted by the known laws and customs of Parliament." To this the Commons gave assent, and by this principle Parliament has abided now for many generations.

But Parliament always has been active in the maintenance of its established privileges. The House of Commons commits any one to prison for contempt of its authority, and punishes instantly any resistance to the Serjeant-at-Arms or his officers in execution of its orders. The Lords also protect their servants. The last case of this kind in which the House of Lords asserted its importance, was the great Umbrella Case. On the twenty-sixth of March, in the year of Grace one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven, complaint was made to the assembled Lords Spiritual and Temporal that John Bell had sued F. Plass, doorkeeper of their House, in the Westminster Court of Requests for the value of an umbrella lost when it had been left in his charge at the door during a debate. The Court of Requests having ordered payment of the value of the umbrella, with costs, Bell, the plaintiff, and the Clerks of the Delinquent Court were called before the Lords and reprimanded.

The Commons in one year sent to the Tower a Lord Mayor and Alderman, who had convicted one of its messengers of an assault in capturing a person whom the House had ordered him to seize. On a like occasion, when two judges in a court of law had given judgment against the Serjeant-at-Arms for arresting certain persons in obedience to the orders of the House of Commons, that House immediately put under arrest the two judges themselves—Sir F. Pemberton and Sir T. Jones—giving them into the custody of the same Serjeant-at-Arms against whose power they had decided. Yet there are bounds of law beyond which the House does not follow its servant. In the case of Sir Francis Burdett it

was declared, by the law courts, to be within the duty of the officers of Parliament to break into a dwelling-house and use armed force, if needful, for the seizure of their prisoner; but an attorney a few years ago obtained damages of a hundred pounds, because the Serjeant-at-Arms, finding him from home, remained for some hours in his house awaiting his return, and so made capture. Whoever is committed for a breach of privilege is altogether in the hands of Parliament. The judges have no power of investigation, and the prisoner cannot be bailed.

It is a breach of the privilege of Parliament to publish its debates, and either House may, by enforcing that part of its old customary law, at any moment stop the parliamentary reports. This is not only customary law, but it has been from time to time asserted formally by orders of the House. At different times the Commons have ordered, "That no news-letter writers do, in their letters or other papers that they disperse, presume to intermeddle with the debates or other proceedings of this House;" or, "That no printer or publisher of any printed news, papers do presume to insert in any such papers any debates or other proceedings of this House;" or again, "That it is an indignity to, and a breach of the privilege of, this House, for any person to presume to give, in written or printed newspapers, any account or minute of the debates or other proceedings. That upon discovery of the authors, printers, or publishers of any such newspaper, this House will proceed against the offenders with the utmost severity." Yet now, reporters' galleries are built into the two Houses, and there is even private complaint made if a report be not full enough. Of false reports there is parliamentary notice taken in the true parliamentary way, by complaint, not that there is a report which is false, but that there is a report at all, and that reporting is a breach of privilege.

Libellous reflections upon the character or proceedings of Parliament, or of any individual of either House, have always been punished as breaches of privilege. Once upon a time the interpretation of the word libel was more comprehensive than it is to-day. In sixteen hundred and twenty-eight, Henry Aleyne was committed for a libel on the last Parliament. In sixteen hundred and forty-three, the Archdeacon of Bath was committed for abusing the last Parliament. In seventeen hundred and one, Thomas Colepepper was committed for reflections upon the last House of Commons; and the Attorney-General was directed to prosecute him. These were such libels as we now read every week in public prints.

To offer any bribe of money to a member of the House, though it be only a guinea fee to a lawyer and M.P. for drawing up a petition to the House, is breach of privilege. Members proved to have received money-bribes suffer expulsion. At the close of the seventeenth century, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Secretary to the Treasury, and the Chairman of the Committee on the Orphans Bill, received

from the City of London upon the passing of that bill, one of them a thousand, one two hundred, and the other twenty guineas. They were all expelled as guilty of high crime and misdemeanour.

The Lords, claiming to be a Court of Record, punish by imprisonment for a fixed time, and impose a fine. The Commons imprison in Newgate or the Tower; but for no specified period; and, of late years, they have not imposed fines. But since fees have to be paid on release from imprisonment, the punishment inflicted by the House of Commons still includes what is in fact a fine.

Freedom of speech is, of course, an essential privilege of Parliament. In the reign of Richard the Second, Haxey, a member of the Commons, having displeased the king by offering a bill to reduce the excessive charge of the royal household, was condemned in Parliament as a traitor. But, on the accession of Henry the Fourth, Haxey on his part, and the Commons on their part, urged their privilege, and the judgment passed, in derogation of the privileges of Parliament, was "annulled, and held to be of no force and effect" by the whole Legislature. Since that time there have been days, in which the Parliament has fought hard for this essential privilege. It was directly impeached for the last time by Charles the First, in the case of Sir John Elliot, Denzil, Hollis, and Benjamin Valentine. This was, indeed, one of the illegal acts for which that king finally suffered. The last formal confirmation of this privilege was at the revolution of sixteen eighty-eight, in the ninth article of the Bill of Rights, which declares "that the freedom of speech, and debates or proceedings in Parliament, ought not to be impeached or questioned in any court or place out of Parliament." It is to be observed, however, that since published speeches are not recognised by Parliament, they cannot be protected by its privileges.

The privilege of freedom from arrest in civil cases or distress of goods is enjoyed by members of Parliament, in accordance with most ancient custom. Freedom from arrest was granted also formerly to fair-goers and others. It is now enjoyed by members of the Legislature during the existence of a Parliament, and for a convenient time before and after it, which fairly answers to the forty days allowed for going to and coming from the great assembly. Freedom from arrest in criminal cases can form no part of this privilege. To witnesses and other persons summoned upon business of the House in going, staying, and returning, the same privilege of freedom from arrest also extends. No statement made to Parliament in the course of its proceedings can be made the ground of any action at law. There is still, however, a wide margin of debatable land between the jurisdiction of the law courts and the privileges of the courts of Parliament. Public opinion has of late years checked the number of disputes between the legislators and the law. The House of Commons has been

chilled in the ardour of its self-assertion, and in its most recent battle, ignominiously wreaked vengeance upon the sheriff who had executed judgment of the court opposed to it; but shrank from a committal of the judges by whom the obnoxious judgment was pronounced.

The swearing-in of members, while there were oaths necessary to be taken, though repugnant to some consciences, has, in all recent parliaments before the present one, made one or two representatives who could not represent. Baron Rothschild was thus for eleven years Member of Parliament without a seat or vote; he might indeed vote at the election of Speakers, which occurs before the taking of the oath, for the oaths must be taken in a full House, before the Speaker in his chair, between the hours of nine in the morning and four in the afternoon. An oath taken at nine in the evening would not be valid. For this reason, except on Wednesday, when the House of Commons meets from twelve to six, a quarter before the magic hour of four is the time appointed for the ordinary meeting of the House of Commons. Four years ago some members took the oaths when, the Speaker being ill, the Chairman of Ways and Means fulfilled his duties. Question arose as to the validity of oaths so taken, and they were sanctified by an especial Act of Parliament.

The Queen's speech opens the work of a session. No business of legislation can be done until the Crown has opened Parliament. Therefore, the Speaker, when awaiting summons of the Commons to the House of Lords to hear the speech read, goes, after prayers, to the Clerk's table in the middle of the room, and sits there. He does not sit in his own chair until her Majesty has set the State clock going.

The address in answer to the speech having been voted, it is the glorious privilege of the House of Commons to proceed to the palace through the central mall in St. James's Park. The Lords are obliged to advance by the ordinary carriage road. A privilege of the Commons more to be prized is exemption from the necessity of solemnly appearing at court in burlesque attire. They are allowed to wear the ordinary dress of English gentlemen. Upon one point only are they restricted. They may not bring into the presence of her Majesty sticks or umbrellas.

The House of Commons has a holiday on Saturday. The House of Lords has holidays on Wednesday and on Saturday. But the Saturday holiday of the Commons has to be secured from week to week, by formal adjournment from Friday until Monday. It is in the power of any member who sees less than forty members in the house to ask that they be counted. Strangers are then ordered to withdraw. The two-minute glass on the clerk's desk is turned, as in the case of a division; and, while the sand runs, there is time for any members in adjoining rooms to hurry to their places. If the time has expired, and the Speaker is yet left unable to count forty members, there is an end of business till next day. A count out on Friday night now and

then leaves the House bound to meet again on Saturday. Therefore it prudently secures its holiday by moving at some early stage of Friday's business, that the House at its rising do adjourn to Monday.

Until six years ago, a part of the foundation of the British Constitution was the bodily constitution of the Speaker of the House of Commons. He was essential to the lawfulness of the assembly, and bound to preside from the first to the last minute over all its sittings, when not in committee. A healthy Speaker was essential to the nation's health. It is only four years since a really adequate authority has been given to the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means to occupy, in case of need, the Speaker's place, without making any act of the House invalid.

The Committee of Ways and Means just mentioned is, together with the Committee of Supply, a form of the House. The House in Committee, with a chairman to preside, inquires and deliberates. In formal sitting with the Speaker in the chair it legislates. There is always in the royal speech a clause demanding annual provision for the public service, and acquainting gentlemen of the House of Commons that her Majesty has directed the estimates to be laid before them. When the speech is discussed it is upon a formal motion, "That a supply be granted to her Majesty." On a subsequent day the whole House resolves itself into a Committee to "consider of the supply." This Committee has to discover how much money is wanted, and for that purpose inquires into the estimates.

After the first report of the Committee of Supply, concerning money wanted, has been received, a day is appointed for the House to resolve itself into a committee to "consider of ways and means for raising the supply." One committee asks what money must be raised; the other inquires how to raise it, and is helped in its inquiry by the budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The first act of the Committee of Supply is to elect its chairman for the session, who presides in both committees. He is called Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and he it is who is authorised to vote, when necessary, as the Speaker's deputy.

When the House is in committee, if any formal public business should arise—for example, if there be a summons from the Usher of the Black Rod to attend her Majesty—Mr. Speaker must at once resume the chair. When sudden disorder has arisen, the Speaker has now and then, by resuming the chair, suddenly quelled it. In the old stormy days of the seventeenth century, a disturbance arose in a grand committee, threatening to end in bloodshed. Then "the Speaker, very opportunely and prudently rising from his seat near the bar, in a resolute and slow pace, made his three respects through the crowd, and took the chair." The mace, like the sounding cane of the schoolmaster having been

forcibly laid upon the table, disorder ceased, and the disputants went to their places.

Among the Lords, the woolsack is without the pale of their House, and the Lord Chancellor, who acts as their Speaker, may, as was the case for a short time with Mr. Brangham, be a commoner. He is no lawgiver to the Lords on points of order; they decide such questions among themselves. He is not formally addressed by the Lords who speak, and he can only himself speak or vote as a Lord by coming down from his official seat outside the House and taking his place as a peer within the sacred limits.

We have introduced the reader to a very few only of the old-fashioned customs which bear witness to the antiquity of Parliament. It is right to observe that there has during the last few years been a disposition to get rid of those which produce useless embarrassment. A conspicuous example of such innovation is the freedom given to the House to work under a Deputy Speaker. As an example of the smaller reforms, we may take a change in the way of conveying messages between the Lords and Commons. The Lords used to send messages to the Commons by judges or masters in Chancery; the Commons to the Lords by solemn deputation of eight members. Every bill sent was to be made the subject of a distinct deputation; but twelve years ago the Lords agreed, by a formal resolution, to receive bundles of bills in one message, and to consider their dignity sufficiently respected by deputation of five members. The Commons, in return, declared themselves ready to receive messages by one master in Chancery instead of two. For four years past the whole message business has been done quietly among themselves, at their own tables, by the clerks of the respective Houses.

#### GREAT MEETING OF CREDITORS.

If any man be tired of musing upon that numerical abstraction, that perilous jungle for currency doctors, that legacy of Heaven-born ministers and ingenious financiers, the National Debt, and is desirous of changing his painful reflections upon the eight hundred millions of sterling money sunk and gone, for a glance at some of those people to whom this gigantic amount is owing—the national creditors—let him direct his steps towards the Bank of England on any of those great Dividend-paying days that come round periodically in the heart of the four seasons. Let him enter on that side of the building which is known as the Rotunda (where the interest upon the national debt is paid, when claimed, in four quarterly instalments), and he will find himself in the midst of the crowd of large and small fund-holders and annuitants, who have lent the country that money which has been sunk by Britannia in ruling the waves, and who are satisfied with a small and certain return for their capital.

A thorough stranger, looking at some of the

national creditors who totter feebly in at the heavy swinging doors, might easily mistake this Rotunda (and especially the annuity-warrant office) for a building erected over sacred and miraculous well, at which the sick and weary come to drink, and from which they depart with new life and hope. Amongst the bustling stockbrokers and lawyers, the City merchants and the bankers' clerks, come the lame, the blind, the palsied, the jaundiced, and the paralytic, who are led by relatives or servants up to the appointed corners, and are seated before the appointed books.

One national creditor slinks in, and looks round to see if he is observed, as if his design were, rather picking pockets than drawing dividends. Speculative fancy may invest him with any character it thinks proper; but the most probable explanation is, that he is a thrifty father, fearful of being watched by a spendthrift son at the moment when he has drawn his little quarterly income. Perhaps, he is a debtor fearful of being dogged by duns, or a fraudulent bankrupt who disappeared some years ago with a red wig and the name of Jones, and who comes back to reap the fruits of his concealed property in a grey wig and the name of Jackson? He seems jealous of any one looking over him as he signs the dividend-book, and appears much relieved when he has obtained cash for his warrant, and is ready to leave the building. Perhaps he is some selfish old misanthrope who has fled from kith and kin; who will die suddenly in some silent lodging before next quarter-day, without making any sign, and whose name will remain for ever in the records of unclaimed dividends?

Another public creditor is refreshing to look upon, notwithstanding his evident purse-proud vanity. He walks boldly in accompanied by his son; both being full-blooded, well-fed, well-clothed supporters of their country. The father is glad to show the boy how "warm" he is, and the boy, who has just attained his majority, is gathering the first fruit of a sum which was invested in consols, in his own name, when he was a twelve-month old, and which has wonderfully increased at compound interest. There is no secrecy here. The father knows what his son has, and what he will yet have, and the son knows exactly what his father has to give him.

Finance makes us acquainted with strange companions. As some part of the interest of the national debt is paid by taking a pinch out of the poor man's teapot, or by lessening the size of his children's sugar-basin, so the national creditor may be an idiot in a bundle of rags, a crossing-sweeper in a good thoroughfare, a successful prize-fighter, or a thrifty cab-driver. One national creditor standing at the paying-desk with sober steadiness, is a man who has passed much of his life in placing his head where his feet are now placed, and in singing comic songs for the amusement of the public. He is a well-known clown to a circus. Another national creditor (who seems to be perfectly familiar with the forms of the place, and who

even undertakes to direct far more staid and business-looking personages) is neither an eminent stockbroker, a Lombard-street banker, nor a man who has passed his youth in mercantile bowers; he is a favourite low comedian.

Another public creditor appears in the shape of a drover with a goad, who has run in to present his claim during his short visit from Essex. Near him, are a lime-coloured labourer from some wharf at Bankside, and a painter, who has left his scaffolding in the neighbourhood during his dinner hour. Next, come several widows—some florid, stout, and young: some, lean, yellow, and careworn—followed by a gay-looking lady in a showy dress, who may have obtained her share of the national debt in another way. An old man, attired in a stained, rusty, black suit, crawls in, supported by a long staff, like a weary pilgrim who has at last reached the golden Mecca. Those who are drawing money from the accumulation of their hard industry or their patient self-denial, can be distinguished at a glance from those who are receiving the proceeds of unexpected and unearned legacies. The first have a faded, anxious, almost disappointed look; while the second are sprightly, laughing, and observant of their companions.

Towards the hour of noon on the first day of the quarterly payment, the crowd of national creditors becomes more dense, and is mixed up with substantial capitalists in high check neckties, double-breasted waistcoats, curly-rimmed hats, narrow trousers, and round-toed boots. Parties of thin, limp, damp-smelling women come in with mouldy umbrellas, and long chimney-cowl shaped bonnets made of greasy black silk, or threadbare black velvet—the worn-out fashions of a past generation. Some go about their business in confidential pairs; some, in company with a trusted maid-servant, as fossilised as themselves; some, under the guidance of eager, ancient-looking, girl-children; while some stand alone, in corners, suspicious of help or observation. One national creditor is unwilling, not only that the visitors shall know what amount her country owes her, but also what particular funds she holds as security. She stands carelessly in the centre of the warrant-office, privately scanning the letters and figures nailed all round the walls which direct the applicants at what desk to apply; her long tunnel of a bonnet, while it conceals her face, moves with the guarded action of her head, like the tube of a telescope when the astronomer is searching for a lost planet. Some of these timid female creditors, when their little claim has been satisfied (a thousand pounds in consols produces only seven pounds ten a quarter), retire to an archway in the Rotunda where there are two high-backed leathern chairs, behind the shelter of which, with a needle and thread, they stitch the money into some secret part of their antiquated garments. The two private detective officers on duty generally watch these careful proceed-

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ings with amusement and interest, and are looked upon by the old fundholders and annuitants as highly dangerous and suspicious characters.

Some bring their children with them, just as they would take them for a gossip to the chandler's-shop round the corner. The business of receiving dividends is looked upon as a piece of exhilarating dissipation in which it is proper for the whole family to participate. While the lawful female proprietor of stock is engaged with the clerks in the preliminary proceedings, her mother stands by to watch that she is not cheated, her father sits blinking at the counters and the visitors in the recesses of the Rotunda like an hospital patient waiting for his turn, and the children are left to stagger about the warrant-office between the substantial legs of grave capitalists who are the pride and glory of the City. When the pink or buff warrant has been changed for gold or notes, and the whole business admits of no further drawing out, the children are collected by the mother, while the grandmother scolds the blinking grandfather for not taking better care of them, and they are found lying upon their stomachs looking down a grating; probably under the idea of commanding a view of the gold-cellars.

Another public creditor is a countryman in holiday dress, accompanied by his wife, and who seems not to know exactly what he wants, or where he is to obtain it. He is shy of asking questions, and so is his wife, although she keeps quietly tugging at his arm; for they have heard that London is a sad place, and that every polite and well-dressed man is a sharper. So Agricola and his better-half keep wandering round and round for half an hour, until they can bear the suspense no longer. At last the provincial mind overcomes its doubts, and pours all its troubles in provincial accents into the willing ear of one of the Bank porters.

Another public creditor comes gasping in, attended by a tall, stout female companion, with a basket. Baskets, on great dividend days, are almost as fashionable as umbrellas; after these, come capacious reticules; some few of the creditors, or their attendants, carry the street-door key swinging on their fingers. The gasping creditor is small and thin; his legs are wasted, his body is awry, his back is bent forward almost into a hump, his chest is bowed inward, his breath is short, his eyes are staring, his mouth is half open, his fingers are long and bony, and the blue veins on the back of his hands are like cords. His dress is loose and wrinkled, and of a shabby, rusty black. His wife, his nurse, or his keeper—the stout, florid woman with the basket—takes him up to the warrant counter, where he is not tall enough or strong enough to reach the book. It is tilted towards him, he leans over with a starting eye, a deep cough, and hard-drawn breath, to scan the proper line, and traces the course with one

hand, as he signs his name with the other. It is curious to see that a great country, in seeking the sinews of its heroic wars, has not rejected the assistance of even such a feeble manikin as this.

More withered, twitching women, crawl slowly up to the fountains of gold, until you think that the witches in Macbeth must have been large investors in the funds, and that these, their children, are now drawing the fruits of their provident habits. Mother Shipton is here, or her lineal descendant, as punctually as the day, with Daniel Dancer, the traditional miser; with greasy butchers from Newgate Market; with faithful butlers, who never tampered with their masters' wine; with clean nurses, whose fortune it has been to fall upon the rose-beds of servitude; with young women, who draw their moderate dividends in gold, and look unconsciously amongst the young men, who are doing likewise, for a steady, well-to-do husband to share it. Pickpockets occasionally stray in, done up in what they fondly flatter themselves is the true old stockbroker style, and are surprised to find that their disguise is immediately detected by the officers on duty. Sometimes these gentry evade the law by securing the victim in marriage whom they intend to rob—for lovely woman is very weak, and some gentlemen are very agreeable.

Another public creditor is borne in like a nodding Guy Fawkes in November, by two companions, on an old, brown, creaking Windsor chair: a mere bundle of dirty rags. She is placed in her chair before the long annuity counter, gazing at the wall with a glassy meaningless eye, and with her chin sunk down upon the breast of her tattered outer garment. The forms of the office require that she should apply in person, and the two humble friends who take care of her—a man and woman—have brought her up to show her. Her claim is small, and a power of attorney is too costly for her slender resources. A difficulty occurs about signing the book, and the two companions shout loudly in both her ears: but they might as well attempt to awaken the dead. The long old cowl-shaped bonnet does not even move in reply, and the glassy eyes still retain their watery stare of vacancy. A principal clerk is summoned from a private desk to decide in this emergency, and the result is that she is allowed to make the sacred sign which stands for new life in either state of existence. When first she became a creditor of the state, she was young, and, perhaps, slightly, and able to write her name with the best of the small fundholders; but that was in the good old days, when George the Third was king, and Heaven born ministers were struggling with the Corsican. Now, her helpless withered arm is lifted up, and clumsily made to form a thick inky cross, with a juicy full-charged quill, as it might have been unresistingly lifted up and made to stab a Rotunda beadle. When her money is, at last, procured, it turns out to be some thirty shillings, which are passed before her listless

eyes to give her comfort, and then placed in her pocket under her cold, bloodless, listless touch.

## TRADE SONGS. THE SHOWMAN.

Come, look into my puppet-show; a penny is the money:  
Here's the king, he's in his counting-house, eating bread and honey;  
And the queen she's in her garden, hanging out her gown,  
'Midst ladies of the bed-chamber all walking up and down.

And with this I trudge thro' London,  
The alleys and lanes of London,  
Where young and old are bought and sold,  
And innocent folks are undone.

Here are members of the City guilds, eating all their dinners;  
And members, too, of Parliament, some saints and many sinners;  
Here are traders, and evaders, the humble and the proud,  
Some slyly slip away (to Spain), some boldly face the crowd.

And these are all in London,  
They swell and strut in London, &c.

Here are gents of all professions; you may know them by their coats;  
Here are soldiers, for the ladies; here are sailors, in their boats;  
Here are two who nothing have to do, and do it all aright;  
The shoes denote the gentleman, the boots they mark the knight.

And this is all in London, &c.

Here are lords who wait, the slaves of State, and bow when they are bidden;  
And warriors old, in courtly gold, who cringe when they are chidden;  
And Lady Grace, all paint and lace, whose virtue is so slack,  
And dames who sigh for a gallant's eye, and push their daughters back.

And this is all in London,

These sights are all in London, &c.

Here's a Parson full of flummery; a Quaker always spouting;  
And Tories dress'd in Whiggish vests, the which they go about in;  
Here's modesty in sempstressses; here's honesty in jail;  
And here's a famous Puppet-show, whose wonders never fail.

And with this I trudge through London, &c.

## THE NIGHT BEGGAR.

In a damp and dreary cellar  
I was born;  
Want, and cold, and hunger found me  
There forlorn.  
God, perhaps, in pity heard me,  
For a heart of courage stirr'd me,  
And I gave back blow for blow,  
Scorn for scorn.

Active limbs and sturdy sinews  
Were my all;  
Bore me on thro' many a battle,  
Many a fall.

Yet, with such a life before me,  
Sometimes did an angel o'er me  
(Hope the angel) gently sigh,  
Gently call.

Nature stamped her frown upon me  
At my birth:  
Never did my look betoken  
Love or worth.  
So I shun the sight of morning,  
Wandering ever, scorned and scorning,  
Thro' the earth.

## MOTHER'S FIRST LODGER.

WHEN my mother and I took No. 32, of the High-street, Aiskrigg (of which the ground floor is a shop sublet to the butcher), we found that, after portioning off a tidy parlour, a room for ourselves, and a cupboard for the maid, there yet remained two nice front rooms, one just over the shop window, the other right above that, which, as I said to my mother, were just the thing for lodger.

"Our income isn't large, mother," I said; "a little help of this sort would be most desirable. And it is one of the best situations in the place, just opposite the post-office and the baker's. If people wish for country air, the back windows look right down on the churchyard. Besides, it's a genteel-looking house; the side passage and green door make it very private; and the people coming and going to the shop below give a cheerful appearance, I am sure, if we bought a bit of drugged, and put in the chiffonier that belonged to my aunt, the horsehair sofa, the round table, and that picture of you in your green satinet, we should have our choice of lodgers any day."

My mother looked up sharply from her knitting; so sharply that she jerked a stitch over her pin, and made a mess with her stocking, that kept me bothering over it for the next half hour. "I won't have no young men, I can tell you, Patty," she said, decidedly. "No young men. It wouldn't be right, on any account. You're an unmarried woman, Patty, and people might talk. I don't know that I approve of the idea in any wise. But, as you say, it would help the rent, and this move of ours has made a hole in the last quarter. We might look out for a single lady, or a widow."

My mother took out her red silk pocket-handkerchief (which had been my father's, and she used it in remembrance of him) and wiped the moisture from her weak eyes. The sunlight was glancing into the room over the green blinds—a line of yellow along the faded carpet, a white star on the polished back of the mahogany arm-chair, falling on my mother's face and dazzling her eyes, then losing itself amongst the gilt bindings in the bookcase.

I got up, pulled down the blind, and unravelled the knitting; my mother watching with her elbows resting on her apron, and her shaking head supported between her two hands and the red handkerchief. For a few minutes we sat silent: I taking up the stitches and shrugging my shoulders at the notion of a widow lady,

and my mother, as it seemed, pursuing the same train of thought; for, all of a sudden, she raised her head, stretched out her large-jointed fingers to tidy the anti-Macassar on the arm-chair, and said emphatically, "I won't have no men, Patty." I didn't argue the subject; that wasn't my way. I just got up, took the cups and saucers from the corner cupboard, and put on the kettle. The clock had struck the half-hour; my mother was always cross as she got hungry, and I called Betsy from the kitchen, and sent her next door to the grocer's for a quarter of a pound of butter. "You might go across to the baker's too," I whispered, when I got her into the passage, "and ask if they've any fresh-baked *fat rascals*. Your missus is very fond of *fat rascals*." Betsy ran off with a couple of plates, and was presently at the parlour door again, too much out of breath to talk, but with successful purchases. I took the things to the table, found the toasting-fork, and set myself down before the fire to cook the cakes. Of course my mother asked what I was doing: of course she scolded about the expense; but I hurried the tea, set her a chair, and, before she had got through her first cup of tea, or swallowed a *fat rascal*, she had recovered her temper, and was ready to hear reason.

"Just fill me up my cup, Patty dear, and give me a mouthful more of something. Dear! dear! how those things do make me think of when I was young. Before you were born, Patty—when I was staying with your father, poor dear man, at Redcar, after he had the small-pox, and we went in a shandy-dan to Saltburn to see the country, and got caught by the tide, and stopped to tea, that was the first time I ever tasted *fat rascals*—we used to have cakes something of the same kind at home, when I was a girl, but they called them *singing hinnies*. They are famous at Saltburn for their *fat rascals*." My mother, having a remarkably short memory, continually forgot this story was not new, and prefaced it with, "Did ever I tell you, Patty?" or, "You'd like to hear, child." I think I rather liked to hear her touch on the subject; it was like a spring wind blowing away the mist and dead leaves of autumn. Even then, after the lapse of years, the remembrance of the by-gone sunshine cheered her heart.

Well, that evening I sent Betsy off early to bed, and made my mother so comfortable in the arm-chair, with the red handkerchief over the back for fear her old cap should grease it (she always put on an old one in the evening, when it was too late for visitors), that she presently fell fast asleep, and left me to follow my own devices.

Then I sat myself down on the floor, by the oak cupboard, and, settling the candle on one of the willow-seated chairs, began a long hunt on the bottom shelf. First of all I pulled out a china lamb with only one broken leg, and two little shepherdesses that held matches behind them, and a bird's-nest with eggs in it, that made an inkstand; and, when I had dusted them, I put them aside to ornament the chimney in

the spare parlour. I hunted through my red workbox, and put out some patches for mother's quilt; but it was a long time before I came on what I was really wanting. At last, under a great pile of Manchester *Guardians*, there it was—a bit of thick pasteboard, one side blue and the other white, that about six months before had come from the linendraper's with a lot of new blonde for my Sunday cap.

When I got this I went back to the table, and, with a great deal of trouble, succeeded in printing "*Furnished Apartments to Let*" on the white side. It was legible, certainly, but I am afraid the letters were not very straight; some of them looked as if they wished to fisticuff their neighbours, and the great A in Apartments was like the Leaning Tower at Pisa I've read about somewhere.

Next morning my pasteboard was up in the parlour window, and I popped on my bonnet and went out to see how it looked from the street.

Then Betsy and I had such a day. I persuaded mother she spoke hoarsely, rubbed her chest with hartshorn for five minutes, then had her safe in bed till afternoon: and, what with scrubbing, and rubbing, and polishing, and getting Joe from the shop below to move the furniture, we had done wonders before nightfall. I went in the last thing to look about me and admire my handiwork, and really it did look very nice, though I say it who shouldn't. When we had got the new drapery I'd be bound to say there wouldn't be such another a lodging in all Aiskrigg.

Ah! but all that hurry and scurry went for nothing. In spite of the big handbill, and even an advertisement in the weekly paper, no one came near us for upwards of a month. Then it was only an application from an old lady who thought the rent too high, and wanted a deal of attendance. After her, arrived a widow, whom mother thought would be just the thing; but it turned out that she had a pack of children, and there wasn't room. Goodness me! I thought those rooms would never let; and many's the time I could have cried with vexation when I remembered all the trouble I had taken about them. Every one found an objection: one said the rooms were too low, and another that they were too dark; one disliked the butcher's shop, and another the churchyard. You never saw such dissatisfied folks in all your life!

Well, again mother and I were sitting in the parlour. We had given up the fire because the weather was so warm, and the grate was well polished, and filled by a yellow and pink paper mat. And mother's eyes had been bad, and she wore a green shade, and amused herself with making lighters. We were talking about the lodgings, as usual; and mother was just saying it was no use keeping up the handbill, for no one came, and that she would spend no more money in advertisements, when we heard a knock at the passage door, and presently Betsy came in to say a gentleman wished to see the apartments.

I did not keep him a minute. I just picked the ends of cotton from my gown, and pulled my cap straight before the looking-glass, and went out to him. He was standing at the bottom of the stairs, wiping his dirty boots on the door-mat. I liked him from that moment. It was so nice and considerate to take care of the floor-cloth.

He looked up at the sound of my "Good morning, sir," and I saw his face. It was foreign, dark-complexioned, with a ruddy colour on the cheek; a quantity of curling black hair, a twinkling black eye, and a little curled moustache, giving him a piquant expression; and as he turned to me with a courteous smile, and the most charming broken English—I must confess it—my heart was taken by storm.

He fumbled in his coat-pocket, and then in his waistcoat, finally producing a rather soiled card, which he presented to me. It was printed in funny little letters—"Signor Angelo Pagliardini, Professor of Languages"—and while I was wondering how on earth to pronounce such an outlandish name, he began, "Madame—I beg pardon—Miss Flint, I did hear of your lodgings; I am the new professor at the grammar school. I am Italian. I want a little lodgings. Permit me, Miss Flint—"

What he did not say he insinuated by bows; and, charmed by his politeness, I gave my hair an extra smooth, and threw open the parlour door.

I had received so many rebuffs and disappointments, that it was much more modestly than heretofore that I proceeded to draw up the painted blind (representing poplar-trees and York Minister in the distance) and descended on the various merits and conveniences of the chamber. The signor paid little attention to my explanations, hardly noticed my beautiful stand of wax flowers made at Miss Rule's boarding-school; though I stood aside on purpose to draw his eye to it. His great anxiety seemed to be about the rent; and, when we had satisfactorily arranged that, he only made one suggestion:

"I have a good many pictures, and such things," said he. "Perhaps you would not object to remove those portraits to make more room. My boxes are at the station, and shall be sent up immediately."

I own I was surprised at his request; for the portraits to which he referred were that likeness of my mother in her satinet, and a companion view of my dear father, in a red waistcoat with a rose-bud in his button-hole. But I said nothing—I was cowed by that long waiting—and he made his request very modestly. Only, as he was going out of the door, I ventured to insinuate that my mother was head of the house, and, instead of being Mrs. Flint, I was only Miss Patty. Good man! how he turned round and raised his eyebrows, laying his hand on his heart as he said,

"Is it possible?"

I suppose he had been equally impressed, and wondered at the blindness of the men of this

generation. But at last he had bowed himself out, and I was at liberty to return and break the news to my mother.

My mother was in a real passion, and tore up all her lighter paper into crooked strips. She declared that a man should not live in her house. As for me, I was beside myself. I never thought my mother would have persisted in such a fanciful resolution; and here was I, who had gone and let the rooms, and every minute expected the new lodger and his luggage. Tears were vain. I nearly cried my eyes out, but my mother sat obstinately in the corner, every moment repeating, "No man shall ever come into this house while I live. You are an unmarried woman, Patty Flint. It would disgrace your father's memory." I heard the sound of wheels in the street, and thought it was the luggage. But the wheels passed. It was only old Mrs. Badger coming in from her airing, and I had still a few moments' reprieve.

Presently, I was sitting in the basket-chair with my handkerchief up to my face. My mother did not notice me, and I gave a moan—moaned louder, and began to rock myself backwards and forwards.

"What ails ye? Patty, what's the matter?"

No answer. Only moan, moan, and rock, rock, as if I were distracted.

"Good gracious! is it tic, Patty? Is it tooth-ache? Answer me, child."

My mother had come quite close, and was leaning over me. I removed my handkerchief, showing the red marks on the left cheek, and, shutting my eyes, appeared too ill to answer.

"It's no use asking, mother," I said, in a feeble voice; "it's all on the nerves." And I moaned afresh.

"Dear, dear!" said my mother, "what could put it there?"

I looked up again, and made my red cheek very conspicuous: "It was the bother about the lodgings. I was so fidgeted after I had made the arrangements. And really I did all for the best."

My mother was fairly overcome.

"Don't vex yourself, Patty, about that. Don't torment yourself, there's a darling. It shall be all as you wish. I dare say you meant well, and—But how bad you are! Hadn't I better send for Dr. Rotheram?"

I caught the sound of wheels really stopping this time: "Mother!" I groaned, "don't let there be any altercation. My poor head would be distracted by noise. Let them take the boxes up quietly at once. And, dear mother, don't leave me on any account." I was in such a fright she would go out and blow them up; and so for the next hour I kept her fomenting my face and pitying my sufferings.

At the end of that time it was necessary to prepare dinner, and I heard the footsteps of my lodger in the adjoining room; so I told the old lady that I felt better. The tic was going away almost as suddenly as it had come on, and perhaps if I moved about I should get rid of it altogether. I did Monsieur Pagliardini a beefsteak to a very

turn, and sent it up by Betsy, with baked potatoes, and a rhubarb tart. I got out one of the best tablecloths, and gave him my own pickles, as well as a bit of Durham mustard. I am sure he might well smile at Betsy, and say Miss Patty was a first-rate cook. I know he did, for I was peeping in at the door to see if he took pickles.

A day or two later found the signor quite settled in his new apartments. These, by the addition of his bits of ornaments, so changed that you could hardly recognise them. The portraits were gone. I managed beautifully about them. I told mother I was quite miserable when shut out from the contemplation of my beloved parents; and, by the slightest return of tie, persuaded her to allow them to be hung opposite the fireplace in our sitting-room.

Monsieur nodded to me when I went to see them taken down in safety, and asked Joe to remain and fix some pictures of his. Oh me! those pictures! I was half an hour examining them when I next did the room. There were landscapes and sea views, and waterfalls and ruins. But, chief of all, there were two portraits of monsieur himself. One over the fireplace—half length, as large as life—a beautiful thing! with a pensive look in the eyes, and lips like vermillion. The other, his very moral, but rather peculiar. It represented him standing with his hands under his coat-tails—just as I have seen him stand fifty times a day before the fire. I could have told it anywhere, though there was not a morsel of the face to be seen—only the thick-set, short figure, and the curly hair. It was the thing altogether that was so like.

And there was another portrait. I don't overlook that; for it was a lady's picture. A dark, cold face, with great black eyes that always looked at you wherever you stood in the room, and long hair falling in disorder over the one cheek, while the other side was looped up with a red ribbon. I dare say it was what people call a fine face, but I didn't admire it. For a long time I thought it was monsieur's sister, but I found out afterwards that it wasn't; and I never can have any patience with a woman who was so careless and untidy that she couldn't do up both sides of her hair, even to have her picture taken.

So, unmarked by any very great event, passed the summer and autumn, and the evenings began to close in earlier, and monsieur liked to have a fire lit for when he came in after tea-time. And regularly I put his dressing-gown and slippers before the fire, and drew the curtains and set the tea-things. And as regularly when he passed the kitchen going up-stairs, looking fagged and anxious with his day's work, I popped a bit of bacon or something nice on the fire to comfort him. No doubt I took a great deal of trouble about *only* a lodger; but there are some people for whom one can never do too much, and Signor Angelo was one.

"Miss Patty," he would say very often, "you are too good. You pierce my heart with your kindness." And when he said it he always laid his hand on his heart, as if it did really pain him. What wonder, then, that I took more and

more interest in one so grateful, that as I saw him grow pale, and thin, and lose his appetite, hour after hour sit pensive in the evening, rousing himself with a visible effort when one of his many pupils came for a lesson—what wonder that my heart was lacerated by compassion? Or that one night, when he had sent away his tea untouched, I ventured to knock at his door, and ask if I could do anything for his comfort?

To this day I can see him as he was that night—sitting in the easy-chair, in his shawl-patterned dressing-gown, with his feet crossed on the fender. A little glow over the hearth-rug, a little light falling on the lady's picture in the corner—all the rest of the room half-dark.

"Dear monsieur," I said, "I am afraid you are not well. You do not eat, and you seem harassed and overworked. Might I recommend a little cup of my wormwood-tea every morning before breakfast? It is the finest thing in the world for creating an appetite."

Signor Angelo jerked his hand from his forehead, and leant forward. There was a smouldering fire in his eye, and his voice trembled with earnestness.

"Mrs. Patty, you are very good—you are always good. But will remedies for the body effect a cure to the mind? No! there are some ailments that are beyond the reach of human alleviation. Mrs. Patty, there is a disease called LOVE. Nay, Mrs.—*Miss* Patty—dear *Miss* Patty—do not turn from me! You will drive me to despair if you look so. Oh, *Miss* Patty, I did not intend to address you thus; but your extreme kindness encourages me. Would you give me leave? Would you sit down for one minute?"

He had risen and drawn me to the arm-chair; and he now stood with his folded arms resting on the mantelpiece, and his eyes bent down on the china shepherdesses.

I pitied him so very much that I was just going to assure him of my anxiety to relieve him at any expense—but I did not wish to be precipitate, so I only blushed and wished the woman in the corner would take her eyes off me.

Striking his breast in the vehemence of his feeling, Monsieur Angelo continued:

"*Miss* Patty, your feminine tenderness will have sympathy with my weakness. You have observed that picture in the corner? It is a feeble representation of its original; but, believe me, my betrothed is an angel!"

I jumped up as if I had been shot. "Excuse me, I left the sauceman on the fire, and I hear it boiling over."

"But you will come back to hear my history, dear *Miss* Patty? I wish you so much to know and love *my* Victoria."

I could hardly force a "yes" as I hurried from the room.

There are some moments in life stamped so indelibly on memory that not even the friction of long years can annihilate the impression. Once, at least, during a lifetime, even the most sober-minded have a transient dream and a rude

awaking. Until now I had not known that I dreamed. I only knew it when I awoke. I only knew it as I sat with my apron over my head, in the kitchen, and felt my eyes scorched by the unconsumed fire at my heart.

There was no saucepan on the fire—the embers were dying out—the cat was lying inside the fender, with its red eyes shining up at me, making me think of the woman's eyes, till I shuddered.

Poor me! That little romance was swallowed down like a bitter pill. It was a bit of summer to look back on afterwards—a summer that never could come again. A while after, I copied some lines into the cover of my hymn-book, something about

'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all.

And I think it is a true saying; for though I got over the bad feeling with a great effort, the sympathy my weakness gave me with other people never passed off.

I did not go back to Signor Angelo that evening. I could not; and I made an excuse when he asked me the next day, and said it was mother kept me. But, about a week afterwards, he invited me again, and I went. Yes, I sat and listened to his story—heard all about Vittoria Ernstine, how beautiful and clever she was, and how he loved her: and I tried to take an interest in her too, and forgot myself.

He told me how he had met with her and her cousin Gertrude in Germany, and described them both. Vittoria, with her grand, great beauty; and Gertrude, soft and gentle, like a spring flower. Then he went on about his plans for the future; how his improved circumstances allowed of his marriage; how he had written to fix Christmas, and waited an answer. I asked with a sinking heart if he would leave us then, but he said, "No, Vittoria would be quite satisfied;" and I felt happier. Only when he kept watching for the morning post, sitting at the window, with his eye fixed on the post-office, it was bitter and hard to bear.

It was Monday morning, just after post-time, and there had been two letters for Signor Angelo, with foreign post-marks, which Betsy had taken up to his room. I was washing in the back kitchen, with a great fire on, and up to my elbows in soapsuds, not altogether in a good humour, when Betsy rushed into the room, and declared that the *foreigner monsheer* had gone demented.

I gave her a box on the ear as an impudent hussy, but, for all that, desired an explanation. "Monsheer was rushing about his room, uttering loud cries," she said, and she had heard a heavy sound like the fall of furniture.

I wiped my arms in a great hurry, and rushed out to listen.

There were strange sounds, as Betsy had represented; but it was in vain that I knocked at the door, or tried to enter—the bolt was drawn, and no one answered—only the sounds quieted, and I heard a succession of moans.

"Monsieur Angelo—Monsieur Angelo!" I shuddered at her name) Vittoria is not dead,

said, "it's me—it's Patty. Won't you say what's the matter? Are you ill? Oh, monsieur!"

At last came an answer. "What do you want? Go away—don't bother."

Later in the afternoon I heard his bolt withdrawn, and a low voice calling to Betsy, and I rushed out. I only just caught sight of his face, very white and careworn, as he drew back and rebolted the door; but on the landing floor lay a little note that I seized hastily. It was directed to *Miss Patty*, and I popped it into the bosom of my dress, and went up-stairs to read it.

"Dear Patty," it said, "would be sure to sympathise with the extreme agony of a fellow-creature—one who was sinking in the very depths of desperation." Then came a very incoherent bit that I could not understand, and it went on to tell how Vittoria's father, having always opposed his daughter's union with the signor on the score of his want of means, had latterly so goaded her with entreaties, commands, and arguments, that in a fit of despair she had plunged into an immense gulf. Those were the words of the note, ending with wild apostrophes, and resolutions for a speedy reunion. I read and re-read the note in trembling eagerness. One thing was clear: Vittoria was dead, and Angelo, in consequence, was bent on self-destruction; I alone aware of the catastrophe, and with the power of preventing further mischief. But how?

I dropped a tear over Vittoria's untimely fate, and took out my desk. It was in vain to attempt to speak to him, but I might write. And I did write. I found a sheet of paper with the broad black edge I had used while mourning for my father, and, for the first time, addressed Angelo by letter. I began by condolences, and went on to talk of sympathy and resignation. It took me a long time to do, and I think I could never have managed at all had it not been for the packet of letters, labelled "*Condolences*," that my mother had received in her great trouble. I took a nice saying out of each of these, and strung the bits together by *ands* and *but*s. It was really a beautiful letter when it was done, and the termination, "Your sincere sympathiser," looked so nice at the bottom of the page—so very expressive, but not too warm.

I folded and sealed the note, carried it down stairs, slid it under the door, and gave a low tap to attract his attention. Then, in breathless anxiety, I waited for further tidings.

They came at last—a low-toned "*Miss Patty*"—and I found myself admitted into the little parlour where poor Angelo was sitting over the fire, looking the picture of misery.

He took my hand. "Mrs. Patty," he said, "I thank you for your sympathy. But I find I was mistaken in some of the particulars with which I before acquainted you. I have been re-reading the letters, and see that I jumped to hasty and erroneous conclusions. Vittoria (he shuddered at her name) Vittoria is not dead,

but she is lost to me. I received two letters this morning: one from her, talking wildly of the roaring and foaming sea that she overlooked from her windows, hinting at despair and self-destruction. The other was from Gertrude, to tell me that her cousin was lost to me for ever. Further than this I did not at first read—every thing seemed evident, Vittoria's devotion unto death, and my necessary despair. But now I find there is a very different interpretation. Vittoria still lives, but as dead to me. Over-persuaded by her father, she has agreed to bestow her hand on another."

Angelo paused, overcome by his feelings; and, burying his face in his hands, sobbed like a child. I did not try to quiet him. I let him cry, and cried with him. It was the best relief. When he was quite wearied I spoke to and comforted him, brought him some warm tea, and insisted on his going to bed.

Next morning I had removed the picture, put it away in the chiffonier, and, by tacit consent, we both from that day avoided her name. He went back to his old habits and his teaching. I did my best to make him forget the past and enjoy the present.

So time passed. Winter came with its sleet and snow; and December 23rd found a troop of joyous boys crowding the railway omnibus, and singing, "Domum, domum, dulce domum!" with heart if not with harmony. And a fly stood before our passage entrance, with a portmanteau strapped to the top; while Signor Angelo hurried down stairs, armed with a carpet-bag and umbrella, and holding out his hand to me on the lowest step, said, "Good-by!" in a hearty voice. I was holding my apron to my eyes, and I called him back, and bade him not to forget the sandwiches in his great-coat pocket, and the medicine bottle full of wine and water; and to mind and write to me from Germany. He was going—*home*, as he said, for the *holidays*—for, though Italian by parentage, he had been brought up in Germany, and loved it best; and even his late disappointment had not sufficed to cool the feeling.

Mother and I spent a dull Christmas together; hardly reminded of the season save by the yule-cake at tea, and the church bells ringing at day-break. I put up the holly sprigs as I had ever done, for custom's sake; and even carried a few branches into the vacant parlour, putting some bits behind the china shepherdesses, on the window-sill, and the very nicest sprigs over monsieur's portraits. The room looked very dull without its occupant; and I stood looking at the picture over the mantelpiece, till I met its eye, and then I went away with a tear in mine. What was that poor fellow doing in a land of strangers? Did any one mend his linen when it came in from the wash, and see it was well aired? Oh dear! what would he do without me?

And now in my turn I watched for the post in vain. The weeks went over, Mr. Clatterback's academy was to reopen on Tuesday, the grammar school the next day, and by the Monday post, at last, came a letter for me! Pity me!

Monsieur Angelo returned home that evening—but not alone. With him came Madame Angelo Pagliardini, the little fair-haired Cousin Gertrude, who had written to tell about Vittoria's infidelity.

From the parlour window I watched him help her out of the fly with tender pride, and bring her into the house; and I clasped my hands till my nails ran into my fingers, and told myself over and over again that I hated them both. But I was obliged to go and meet them—obliged to make all sorts of congratulations, and give my hand when the signor introduced me as his good Miss Patty, who would, he hoped, be his wife's friend too. I did not raise my eyes to madame's face, but I saw her hand as it lay in mine; mine brown, and hard, and harsh, hers soft and white as a lily, with pink palms like the blush of a conch-shell. It was a great contrast, and it made me more bitter. I thought that men never looked beyond appearances, and moralised a great deal about the worth of a gem being irrespective of its setting.

But, before Spring had brought the fresh flowers, I was fain to confess that earth had few young people in it so fair and sweet as my second lodger, sitting in the parlour window, with the light falling on her long golden hair, and her violet eyes watching the street-corner for her husband's home-coming.

Poor little Gertrude! poor little darling! with all her heart she loved that thoughtless, selfish man—far more dearly than my calm middle age had ever been able to love him in the days when I believed him perfection. Now that my eyes were once opened I saw him so differently. I heard his occasional harsh answers to her gentle words, I noticed his invincible vanity, and I wondered how I had ever overlooked it with that constant record in the sitting-room.

Self goes a long way with most men, but self went beyond itself in his case. It demanded all her love, and comfort, and thought as well. It wore her life away with its continual rust. And all the time she never seemed to see it; she always thought whatever he said or did must be right.

In strange gradation my feelings changed. By Spring I loved Gertrude, by Summer I doubted her husband, and with the Autumn harvest a shadow had sprung up, I knew not how. Gertrude had no great mind, no strength of character. She was not fitted to cope with a wayward and changeable nature. When she had given her warm love and perfect trust she had given all; you had looked to the very bottom of her clear heart. So Angelo took her first as a fresh, pure flower, admired its loveliness and fragrance; then, with his old fickleness, let it fall away from his grasp. He did not throw it away—he only let it drop slowly, slowly to the ground. And at the bottom of all this was Vittoria. Oh! had I not reason to hate her name?

She was Angelo's first and only love. It was in a moment of pique against her that he married her pretty, gentle cousin; and when, by some waywardness of fortune Vittoria's engagement

was again broken off, Angelo repented his rashness, and suffered his old love to revive.

I do not know if Gertrude ever knew all this, but I sometimes fancied that she guessed it. At least she saw that he was changed, and the light in her blue eyes faded, and her step grew very slow and very weak. Then came a long period of illness, and at its close Gertrude was again at her old station by the window, watching the road. But not so earnestly; her gaze was oftener directed to the infant on her lap, that was all in all to her, as she was all in all to it. One evening monsieur was later than usual in coming in, and I had been sitting with madame in the twilight, helping to nurse the baby, and trying to cheer its mother, for she was out of spirits, and said she did not feel well. There was a step on the stairs, and a faint colour came into Gertrude's cheek, and she popped the baby into its cradle. I was leaving the room as monsieur entered. I saw him kiss his wife, inquire after her health. I heard his words,

"Not feeling strong! The fact is, Gertrude, you will never be strong while you keep poking in the house. I'll hire Barnes's gig, and take you a drive to-morrow. There, don't say 'No.' It will do you good."

I did not hear her answer, but I know she never went contrary to anything he said; and next morning she asked me to take baby while she was out. To this moment I can recal the sweet expression of her countenance, as she looked up to the window where I was holding the baby, and nodded farewell.

It was late before she came in. The wind had risen, and there was a drizzling rain in the air. Her cloak was wet when I helped her off with it, and she complained of chilliness.

Before that day week she was dead. The exposure had caused inflammation, and she sank rapidly.

She sent for me into the room, that last night, and herself put the baby into my arms, and bade me keep and guard it as my own child. And, with the night-lamp only breaking the gloom, and the father speechless with remorse, I knelt by the dying mother and received the trust, to guard and give it back to its mother in a better place.

We buried her in the old churchyard behind the house, where we could see her grave as we passed backwards and forwards, and where the baby's eye might fall on her place of rest. Poor Gertrude!—poor little soul!

At Christmas the signor gave up his engagements in the town, and went abroad. He was going again to Germany. Some months after, I heard he had married Victoria Bernstein, and it did not surprise me. They came to England, and he obtained some other engagement in the south, for his place at Aiskrigg was filled up. Once they wrote something about taking the child, but the offer was not made earnestly, and when I repeated the story of my promise to the dead mother, they said no more. So Gertrude's baby stays with us in the old house, and makes our hearts' sunshine with her sweet ways and mother's eyes. "An-

gelina" her mother called her; and so she is—our little angel. God bless and make us better, for her sake!

#### PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINT.

PHOTOGRAPHY has become a science, with a literature of her own. She maintains several journals, and a photographic almanac which loyally records, against the 7th of February, "Regnault proposes pyrogallic acid, 1851;" against the 4th of April, "Archer introduces collodion, 1851." Instead of births and deaths of Napoleons or Nelsons, it registers "Niepee died," or "Daguere born," and begins an annual address—using a new form of an old fashion—with the phrase, "Courteous Photographer."

Scarcely twenty years have elapsed since the art of printing pictures by means of the sun was first announced, and now hardly a month passes in which some improved process of manipulation is discovered, or some new substance made available for printing, which does not usually effect all that its sanguine discoverer expects from it, but which is at all events another bit of knowledge. At the last meeting of the British Association, Sir John Herschell even announced the discovery by himself of a group of metals, one of which—he has named it Junonium—is found, when in the form of a salt, to be powerfully acted upon by light. In these continual discoveries of new substances and processes one finds reason for hope that perfection in the photographic art is yet to be obtained. Many who are familiar with the charming photographs we get from some of the skilled artists in sunshine may fancy that perfection is attained already. So far as the present appearance of their pictures is concerned this may be true; but one serious drawback upon them is their want of stability. Probably before a dozen years have elapsed most of them will have lost their beauty, some will have entirely disappeared. It is to their ignorance of this want of stability in photography that the desire of some eminent men for fac-similes in photograph of rare books is to be imputed.

There is hope, however, that this trouble will soon be overcome. The subject of permanency in photographs has, in France, been thought so important, that the Duke de Luynes has offered a prize of eight thousand francs to the discoverer of means of printing photographs in carbon. Carbon resists every known chemical agent, and is in no way affected by light. There will be several competitors for the duke's prize. Already a Mr. Pouncey, an Englishman, has announced his discovery of a method of printing in carbon, and a favourable opinion of the pictures he has produced by his process has been expressed by some competent judges.

The discovery is only of use for the printing in the ordinary way of photographs that must, from the nature of some of the substances used in them, always be too dear for the million. M. Sella, of Biella, in Piedmont, pointed out, nearly two years ago, a way of using salts of iron and chromium instead of those of silver and gold.

The salt of chromium (bichromate of potash) is dissolved, and paper steeped in the solution. The salt thus brought into contact with organic matter in the paper, enters into chemical union with it where it is touched by light, and forms an insoluble compound. So much of it as light has not touched is washed away after the picture has been taken on this paper, which is, in the next place, soaked for a few minutes in the solution of a salt of iron. The iron adheres firmly to the mordant image, but is removed from the rest of the paper by another washing. Now dip the paper in a solution of gallic acid, add gall to the iron, and a picture comes out with fine violet-black tints, which is, in fact, a picture in writing-ink, as permanent as writing-ink is known to be. This process has held its ground, standing the test of wider practice, and by it photographic pictures can be made that may be cheap as well as permanent.

A still newer discovery, of which the value is still open to contest, is M. Niepce de St. Victor's Uranium process. Its value is said to lie in its simplicity, its rapidity, and in the permanence of its results. A piece of paper washed over with a solution of nitrate of uranium, and left to dry, printed in a quarter of an hour, from a negative picture, an intense positive, which was brought out by dipping into the nitrate of silver bath. A few small changes made in the details of Niepce's process, such as the use of boiled paper, strict attention to the purity of the uranium salt, and the addition of a little alcohol to the solution of silver, have enabled M. O. Hagen to produce by means of uranium an intense positive picture in half a minute, or even, by the use of bibulous paper, in a quarter of a minute. The method is so simple and rapid that the photographer who uses it in a good light can readily take from his negative sixty copies in an hour.

This, again, is not a cheap process, and is only of value in the printing of photographs in the ordinary manner; and these photographs, from the expensive nature of some of the substances used, and from the time occupied in printing them, must of necessity remain at a price which places them beyond the reach of the masses. There is, however, a recent discovery of a method of copying photographs upon a metal plate, which promises to place them within everybody's reach. The discoverer was Mr. Fox Talbot, who fully described his method last year in the Photographic News of the 22nd of October. A new result is there obtained by the use of salts of chromium and iron. After coating a plate of copper, steel, or zinc with a solution of gelatine in which there is a due proportion of bichromate of potash, the plate so prepared is placed in the photographic printing frame, under the object to be copied. On exposure to light a minutely delicate fac-simile is reproduced on the gelatine surface. This is next covered with a thin film of gum copal, melted by a spirit lamp, forming what engravers term an aquatint ground. Over this there is next spread, with a camel-hair brush, the etching

liquid, a solution of perchloride of iron. Where the gelatinised surface had been protected from light by the dark shades of the object to be copied, the solution penetrates with ease to the metallic surface, and by its corrosive power will engrave the dark lines of the picture, while the gelatine, which had been made insoluble by its exposure to the light, prevents white surfaces from being bitten into.

This process is similar in its main features to that patented by Mr. Fox Talbot in 1852, but differs from it in several important respects, for it is able to give half-tones with an accuracy which is perfectly surprising. We have seen engravings from plates etched in this way, in which the microscopic names of tradesmen on the fronts of their houses were distinctly visible by help of a good magnifying-glass, though to the naked eye not only unreadable, but even invisible. In such a case, the engraving was, indeed, the copy of a reduced photograph, but this does not lessen the evidence afforded by it.

A similar contrivance is that which has been devised by M. Fizeau, of Paris. He takes a "Daguerrean" silver plate, and uses on it a mixture of nitrous, nitric, and hydrochloric acids. This mixture does not attack the whites of the picture, but the blacks are acted upon immediately. The resulting chloride of silver, as it impedes the action of the acid, is removed with a solution of ammonia, so that the action may continue. It is complete when a finely-engraved plate has been produced. The lines are then filled up with drying-oil, and the surface electrotyped with gold. The varnish then having been removed out of the engraved lines, by means of caustic potash, the surface has grains of resin sprinkled over it, for the purpose of producing the engraver's aquatint ground, and the action of the acid is renewed until the lines shall have acquired sufficient depth. The plate being of silver, is too soft to print from, a copy is therefore taken in copper, by electro-type. Not long ago there was shown at the meeting of a scientific society, by Mr. Malone, a paper covered with representations of coins, printed from a plate engraved in this manner. The engraving was so exquisite that each coin seemed to be presented actually in relief.

M. Charles Nègre's process appears to be a fresh modification of the same idea. It is asserted that his plates are "touched" by the hand; but, however this may be, few people who visited the Exhibition of Photographs, at South Kensington, last year, will have forgotten the beautiful plates he contributed.

These are all plans for the engraving of photographs on metal plates. The plan of Messrs. Salmon and Garnier, which, though very ingenious, we must not stop to describe, produces a heliographic engraving on brass, which may be printed from in a lithographic press. But there is also a distinct process of photo-lithography, in which a lithographic stone is used. It is coated with a mixture of gelatine and bichromate of potash, in a dark room, and, when dry, a negative—that is, a photograph in which the lights

and shadows are reversed—is laid upon it. It is then exposed to the action of the light, which renders insoluble the gelatinised surface exposed to its action. The part not acted upon is washed away, and the stone is then quite ready to be printed from. The plan is that of a Frenchman, M. Poitevin, who has produced by means of it some exceedingly good lithographs. Similar methods have been patented in England.

Then, again, there is Mr. Crookes, who has lately patented way of printing photographs on wood, without altering the surface of the block, and his device appears to have excited a good deal of attention both at home and abroad. It looks very simple. A little oxalate of silver, mixed with water, is smeared on the block with the finger; on this the copy is made from the negative; and it is ready at once for the hand of the engraver. The value of this discovery is likely to be great, inasmuch as, by help of it, illustrations may be transferred immediately to a wood block, without intervention of the draughtsman.

There is also a recent application of the electrolyte process, promising to reduce the cost of first-rate engravings to a sum that will bring them within the reach of thousands who at present go without them altogether. It is that of Messrs. Salmon and Garnier, to whose heliographic engraving we have slightly referred, and consists in applying a steel surface to metal plates of any kind. An engraved copper-plate, for example, has been produced at a heavy cost by an engraver of great reputation, but from this plate, notwithstanding its great cost, only a limited number of proofs can be taken before it gives signs of wear, owing to the comparative softness of the metal on which the design is engraved. The practice, therefore, has been, where a large number of proofs were required—as in the case of the Art Union prints—to take fac-similes of the plate by electrolytizing, and in this way multiplying the number of copper-plates available for use. In the new process the plate is placed in the bath, and coated with steel without the least hurt to the engraving. So that we have a steel-plate for a copper-plate, and from this, since it is harder, a much greater number of impressions can be printed. As soon as it shows signs of wear, which the printer will immediately detect, the surface of steel is dissolved, and a new surface formed by the means previously employed; so that, in point of fact, there is absolutely no limit to the number of prints that may be taken from a single plate, the last being almost equal in beauty to the first.

### A NEW SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

IN FIVE PARTS.

#### PART I. CHAPTER THE FIRST.

ONLY to Paris, mind. Not committing myself to too much at first, lest I should prove a bankrupt in my stock of sentiment sooner than I had anticipated, and turn out sentimentally insolvent earlier than might be convenient.

"Only to Paris," some one echoes, in a disappointed tone. Nay, but you may trust me,

reader, you shall have nothing you have had before. I am not the man to inflict on others what I dread myself, and in my hands you are safe, at least, from long descriptions and profuse accounts of what you know already.

The interest of this journey—if there is any—shall be human, and not local.

I solemnly affirm that between London and Paris I will find as much food for that mixed appetite for the sentimental and the humorous, which is ever riotous within me, as I desire to have, and that I would not wish to go farther; nor to turn my steps in any other direction, if I had the money and the time (and I have neither) to set off to the Pyramids to-morrow.

Why, look at the room in which I write these words; for they are written in Paris. It is an *quatrième* (counting the *entresol*), but such a prince of rooms! Furnished in green throughout is my little room. Green bed-curtains—green window-curtains—green chairs—green fauteuil—green sofa. Comfortable? Why it is more than comfortable, it is luxurious. The windows are in a *robe de chambre* of white lace, which gives them a joyous and wedding-like appearance, and the chimney-piece is surmounted by a gilded clock, with Cupids fighting which of them is to guide the hands. The gilded clock is always wrong: a gilded clock, let it be remarked in passing, *always is* wrong, and it would be a curious subject of speculation, and one fraught with infinite benefit to the community at large, if some ingenious mechanician, cunning in horology, would make it his study to ascertain whether it is the gilding or the Cupids which renders accuracy unattainable in such timepieces as have just been alluded to. My own impression on the subject is that the fault rests entirely with the Cupids, and I make this assertion the more fearlessly, because I was once in possession of a watch whose movements I could always depend upon, except when it was placed in a certain watch-stand which was presented to me some years ago, on the last birthday which I thought it desirable to keep, and which (the watch-case, not the birthday) was presided over by a Cupid playing on a fife. Now I noticed that, whenever my unexceptionable watch was placed in this receptacle—which was of bronze, and not gilt, so it wasn't the gilding—it invariably lost heart, and went abominably.

This fact is surely enough. Besides, the thing is obvious. What have Cupids to do with punctuality, or any respectability and regularity of habits whatsoever?

Beneath the clock—beneath the chimney-piece, two brazen female Sphinxes, lying upon their stomachs, consent to act as dogs, and bear upon their polished backs, the logs, which, blazing merrily, and crackling as they burn, at least give one heart and prevent one's feeling lonely, even if they do fail to give out the full amount of heat which might be considered desirable by a chilly subject.

Such, then, is my apartment; situated in one of the half busy streets of Paris. A street not so full of traffic as to be too noisy for thought;

not so quiet as to be dull. Such is my apartment, I say, but how I got here—why I came here—why I left a warm and comfortable home in the metropolis of England, at a time of year when it was parlous cold, to come to one of the coldest places in the civilised globe, or the uncivilised either—also why I came alone and without letters of introduction, and why I am living in the Faubourg Poissonnière instead of the English quarter of Paris—these are questions which must and shall be answered—but not yet.

I would answer them at once, but that I cannot shake off an inclination to wander for a moment into Provincial France. 'Tis the fault of those confounded logs. If I had not written those few words above, about the fire, I might have begun giving an account of myself, at once, but now, for some reason or another, I cannot for the life of me get away from the logs. What rude wooden-shod savages have hewn them in forest districts far away from here? I have seen such places, and they are present to my mind's eye now, as I lean back in my chair and tax my memory—staring at the logs the while. I see the oxen waiting for their load. I hear the tinkling of the little bells that hang in clusters round their heads. How wild in aspect and strong in limb the women who help to carry and to stack the wood. Sturdy the bodice, and heavy the petticoat that can stand the wear and tear they have to undergo. I can see the grave wild stare of these grand and savage matrons. I can see, in the village near at hand, their sturdy children just let loose from school—miniature editions of their mothers—white cap, stiff bodice, and heavy, swinging skirt. I can hear the measured clatter of their little sabots, as they trot in a troop along the rough pavement of the village street, and, with the smell of memory, I might doubtless perceive that odour of burning wood which ever prevails (and it is well it does) in a French village, were it not that the perfume of sprats is so strong at this moment in the house that it leaves no scope for the imagination as appealed to by the smell.

Of all the gates of sense there is not one—not one—that gives such ready rapid access to the storehouses of memory as does this one of smell. It may be that it is because it is so rarely made use of in connexion with the higher functions of the mind that its power is the greater when it is. The associative part of our imagination is used to being appealed to by the hearing and the sight, but it does not expect such appeals from the smell, and hence, perhaps, its greater influence. There are few who do not know what long-forgotten things some scent such as that of burning weeds or autumn leaves will bring to mind—few who do not know with what force they strike the memory when brought in this way before it.

Alas, how that smell of smouldering weeds reminds me of the day when I walked with poor Jack Redford over the breezy uplands of Cumnor Hurst. How young he was to die. How little likely it seemed then that he would leave

us all so soon. How changed are all things since that time. Is it the world that is so altered—or am I?

But whither have the logs taken me now? First out of my quatrième at Paris into provincial France, and straight away to the wooded hills and valleys of one of England's loveliest counties. Yet, now I think of it, this is not so much amiss, for the very thing I wanted was a good pretext for getting back to the British side of the Channel as a necessary preliminary to my giving some account of the circumstances of my sentimental journey—of its origin, its peculiarities, and some, at least, of its results.

How often have I promised myself this treat—to lurk off to Paris alone. With nobody to force me to see things I am not interested in, or to be perpetually wanting to do the thing which I detest. Nobody to drag me over extensive museums and endless palaces with slippery floors. The truth is that I hate sight-seeing in general, and palaces with slippery floors in particular, and infinitely prefer feasting my eyes upon the snug decorations of the little room down stairs, in which Mdlle. Zélie spends most of her time—and the snuggest decoration of which is to be found in the person of Mdlle. Zélie herself—to starving them upon glass and marble and bad pictures in the Palace of the Luxembourg itself. [The privilege of entering this apartment, of which I avail myself to talk in a sound Anglican French to Mdlle. Zélie for half an hour together, belongs to me as a lodger who has to hang up his key upon a numbered nail in the wall every day when he goes out.]

What, back again in Paris already? How shall I keep upon the English side of the Channel long enough to describe the peculiar reasons which caused my sentimental journey to take place at all?

I went to Paris because I was driven there by my friends.

This journey, often procrastinated, might have been put off altogether but for a chain of circumstances, the first link of which was forged when the present writer remarked one day casually to an intimate friend, "I've half a mind" (I only said "half," remember), "being rather unsettled about a house just now, to have a run over to Paris."

Two days after this, meeting in the street another friend who is also intimately acquainted with the first, I was greeted by him with these remarkable words, "So you're going to Paris, eh?"

Passing through the hands of a friend or two more, the report that I was *going* to Paris turned into a fixed and determined assertion that I was *gone* to the French metropolis, and came latterly to circumstantial accounts of a lengthened continental tour, of which this was to be but the preliminary step. So that very soon, when I stumbled upon an acquaintance, his first words would be, "Why I thought you had gone abroad." And this, or "What, not gone yet?" began latterly to be said by my friends in rather an injured tone, as if I was an

impostor in remaining in England; and it ended in my feeling this so strongly that I used to lurk through back streets, with a view of keeping out of sight, and I had altogether such a nasty time of it, that I determined at last to compromise the continental tour by setting off to Paris without delay.

If nothing else comes of this resolution, it will be at least something that it has enabled me to make a discovery, the publication of which cannot fail to render me a public favourite for the rest of my life.

It is nothing less than an infallible preservative against SEA-SICKNESS in short journeys, even during the roughest weather.

But this deserves a chapter to itself.

#### CHAPTER THE SECOND.

The preparations are all complete. I have ruined myself in indispensable purchases, half of which turn out failures, and have spent a week (as is my habit on leaving England) in breaking my stomach in gradually to French cookery, by dining daily at certain foreign restaurants in the immediate neighbourhood of Leicester-square.

I start, then, on my expedition, and reach Folkestone just as it is getting dark, having experienced nothing more remarkable during the journey than an excessive distress caused by a lady opposite me in the carriage, who would go to sleep with her face propped in such wise against her clenched fist that the whole weight of her head as it sank forward rested entirely upon her nose, which feature was in consequence forced up at the tip for half an hour together in a manner horrible to contemplate. This lady was one of an excursion party going over to Paris for a fortnight, and as soon as she woke up she began making an entry in her journal in pencil. Perhaps it was to say that one of the characteristics of a continental tour is an intense aching of the nose on waking up from short naps.

I wonder why it is so light now we have got to sea. It was pitch dark on shore. There is no moon. The stars are hidden, and yet it is so light that I can make out all the rigging of the schooner which we are towing out of Folkestone harbour, and which is a cable's length astern. We soon cast her loose and leave her far behind, spreading her mainsail to the wind—a good stiff breeze, and from the chill north-east.

It was from the moment of our parting company with the schooner, when getting into rougher water the steamer began to pitch and labour heavily, that the conviction forced itself upon me that something must be done.

First of all, then, I went below and was served by an animated but surly corpse, which acted as steward, with one wine-glass (large) full of raw and fiery brandy. Having swallowed this I abandoned for ever the cabin regions of the vessel, and, ascending on deck, set myself, with great energy and a cheerfulness of mind which I am at a loss to account for (unless by the brandy), to the execution of a series of manœuvres,

having for their object the averting of that sickness which my soul dreads, and to which I am ordinarily a victim. Manœuvres, let me add, which were the result of long study, and the carrying out of which was attended, as will be seen, with results so satisfactory, that I shall proceed at once to give the reader directions as to their proper performance, merely premising that they require for their execution a strong will, some moral courage, and that they are not consistent with travelling by daylight.

It is useful—and this portion of the recipe is only intended for the sterner sex, it being quite unnecessary to recommend it to the ladies—it is useful that the traveller should be tightly laced, and girt about the body with some degree of compression, be it with a belt, as some will perhaps prefer, or be it (as in the case of the author) by the tightening of the girths of those garments which he would die rather than name, and the buckling in of his waistcoat, to the utmost bearable degree. The traveller should take him to the middle of the vessel, and since he is to stand throughout the voyage—a proceeding which when it is rough is attended with some degree of difficulty—let him look out, at an early period of the start, for some such knob, or handle, or rail, or rope as may be convenient to his grasp to steady himself withal, and let him choose one (if he can) from which he shall not be told by the marine authorities to separate himself lest he interfere with the fit and proper working of the ship.

The author of these remarks is of opinion—and a long experience enables him to deliver himself with the more confidence—that the sickness which is produced by sea voyages is mainly attributable to that peculiar action of the vessel—I sicken while I write—in which dropping from under you as it were with a deadly swoop, it leaves the stomach in the lurch. Now, let the traveller, holding on by some convenient grip, keep his eye upon the vessel's prow. He is standing a little aft of the middle of the ship, so that when he sees the prow ascending he will know for certain that the after portion of the vessel must be going down. Let him then, as it sinks, sink with it—Crouch, man alive! crouch! and go on crouching as she descends even till you find yourself sitting on your heels. Then as she rises, rise with her, and you make a voluntary action of what would be an involuntary one, and alter the whole condition of affairs.

This is all. Told in half a dozen lines. Simple and obvious as other great inventions are.

I have said that the advantages of this extraordinary discovery are only available for short journeys; it being evident that to duck and rise alternately during a voyage, for instance, to the United States, would require a strength of the muscles about the knee joints such as is not ordinarily to be met with. I have also said that darkness is indispensable, and I repeat it, inasmuch as I do not believe that any person would have the moral courage to perform in broad daylight the evolutions I have described, before

the crew and passengers of a Channel steam-boat.

I am also disposed to think that the intense mental strain produced by the determination not to be sick, and the eager and continual watching of the steamer's movements, are productive of a slight degree of delirium. For how otherwise can it be accounted for, that throughout the voyage the machinery which worked the paddles appeared to my over-strained faculties to utter in a regular and unvarying measure, as it rose and fell, words of mysterious import, and in no way connected with the matter in hand — "Spoke-shave — Bullock Smithy — Spoke-shave — Bullock Smithy — Spoke-shave — Bullock Smithy" — it repeated distinctly in my ears till we got half way across the Channel, when it changed its note and said "Parents pauvres," uninterruptedly for the rest of the voyage.

Now I hold that it would be base and ungenerous in the last degree on the reader's part (when I have admitted frankly so much) he were to probe me with questions as to whether when I got on shore I did not feel in a condition of mind and body so wretched that it would have been better on the whole to have been sick and be done with it. Nor would it be kind to ask whether I did not feel light-headed and a prey to nausea — who that was who complained of headache all the evening, or with whom it was that the bed at the Hôtel des Bains, Boulogne, appeared to rise and fall, and to revolve throughout the night. Let not the reader, I say, ask these questions, nor let him inquire who that person was who had no appetite for breakfast the next morning, and whose system was disorganised for many days to come. Such questions indicate nothing better than impudent curiosity, and are noway connected with that great discovery, of which I am so justly proud.

Having revealed this important secret to the world, and done what in me lies to benefit in this respect my suffering fellow-creatures, let me now say two words concerning the travelling companions with whom I was fortunate enough to make the journey to Boulogne.

#### CHAPTER THE THIRD.

Why need I mention that there was upon the deck of the steamer a talkative and boastful gentleman? Of course there was. Where is that steamer to be found, or where that train which does not contain a gentleman who holds forth largely upon the subject of his own career and exploits. It seems as unnecessary to mention the fact that such a person was on board, as to say that there was a carping gentleman who objected to everything, and a knowing gentleman who was up to everything. This last person was a professed traveller, a tremendous fellow, with elaborate costumes adapted to the voyage, and a travelling bag strapped round his body.

The talkative gentleman was, in the present case, possessed of a short and corpulent presence, and of a deep and oily voice. He was,

of course, seated next the admiring gentleman, who listened to his stories and believed in him implicitly. The talkative gentleman had encamped with his back against the boiler, very near to the position I had taken up, and when my attention was first drawn to him he was favouring the company in his vicinity (though apparently addressing the admiring gentleman only) with a long account of an experience he had had, when located in Canada, of the horrors of a snow-storm. The talkative gentleman delivered himself with theatrical tones, and in conventional stereotyped phrases.

"It was in the winter of '42," the talkative gentleman began, "that, being at that time in Canada, my wife and myself were the hero and heroine of the following remarkable adventure :

"The governor of L——, an exceedingly gentlemanly and agreeable man, had invited us to dinner on a certain day—a Sunday, by-the-by—and, as the weather was fine, we had made our way to his house on foot.

"As we walked along, I pointed out to my wife, as rather a remarkable thing, a sign-post with 'Ginger-beer sold here,' inscribed upon it, which had a curious effect, standing as it did by the side of the road, with no house or habitation of any kind at all near it. I remarked, I say then, at the time, what a singular thing this was, and that the only elucidation I could give of so extraordinary a circumstance was, that there had been some small store or log-house, where ginger-beer was retailed, erected near, which had been pulled down, while the sign-board which made allusion to it had been suffered to remain standing.

"I little thought, sir, what my feelings could be, and those of my dear partner, when next we should behold the inscription whose words I have just quoted."

A sympathetic "Ah!" ending in rather a suspicious hiccup, from the admiring gentleman, formed a pleasant little break in the narration at this point.

Meanwhile the machinery went on with its dull and monotonous accompaniment "Spoke-shave — Bullock Smithy — Spoke-shave — Bullock Smithy — Spoke-shave — Bullock Smithy."

"Well, sir," continued the talkative gentleman, "after a very agreeable and most hospitable entertainment, ending in music adapted to the day, my wife and I set off at about half-past ten to walk home; but what was our astonishment to find the ground covered with the snow, which was falling in every direction to which the eye could turn, as fast as it could fall. For one moment we hesitated whether we would not return to the governor's house, and endeavour to ascertain whether it would be possible to find some means of conveyance; but my wife persuaded me that we should only be putting our excellent host to inconvenience, and that as the distance was short, and we were well wrapped up, it would be much better to set off and walk."

Here the admiring gentleman, who had been troubled with a nasty cough at intervals, got up

suddenly from his place, and shuffling himself along to the side of the boat, was seen no more. The talkative gentleman addressed himself to his neighbour on the other side, who turned out to be the carping gentleman, and by no means so good an audience as the last.

"I little knew at that time," resumed the talkative gentleman, "what a Canadian snow-storm was, so I consented unfortunately too readily to my wife's suggestion, and we commenced our journey on foot."

"Very foolish thing to do," muttered the carping gentleman.

"We had walked for some time," continued our loquacious friend, "perhaps for half an hour, when it became evident to me that we had lost our way. Around us in all directions, sir, was an uninterrupted sheet of white—"

"Why didn't you retrace the track of your footsteps to the governor's house?" interrupted the carping gentleman.

"Because, sir," returned our talkative friend, with undiminished urbanity—"because that track was erased as soon as it was made by the snow, which was falling thick and fast around us."

"Hum!" grunted the carping gentleman, in an unconvinced tone. He uttered the monosyllable, too, in a manner which suggested powerfully that he would soon follow the admiring gentleman to the lee side of the ship.

"Imagine our position," the talkative gentleman went on to say. "My poor wife" (in an under tone to the carping gentleman, "she was in a certain way, too, at the time, my eldest daughter not then born)—"my poor wife perishing with cold and exhaustion, and I unable to assist or relieve her."

At this juncture the carping gentleman, who had been fidgeting uneasily in his seat for some moments, got up suddenly, and muttering, "Can't stand the heat of that boiler," rushed with delirious rapidity towards the vessel's side, in the direction taken just before by the admiring gentleman. Our narrator, nothing disengaged, turned himself to the knowing gentleman, the professed traveller, who happened to be within reach, and related the remainder of his story to him. Meanwhile I, holding on by my rope, and rising and falling with the vessel in the manner I have before described, continued to listen to the narrative of the talkative gentleman and to the dull thumping sound of the machinery—Spoke-shave—Bullock Smithy—Spoke-shave—Bullock Smithy—Spoke-shave—Bullock Smithy.

"Well, sir," resumed the hero of the snow-storm, "to make a long story a short one, we wandered about in this way, Mrs. B—— leaning upon me for support, and I myself ready to sink with fatigue, for five hours—"

"You should have had a compass," the professed traveller put in; "you ought never to stir without a pocket-compass—I never do."

"I had abandoned all hope," persisted the

talkative gentleman, who was regardless of interruption—"I had abandoned all hope, and was preparing for the worst, when a small object, raised a foot or two above the level of the snow, attracted my attention. I left my wife for an instant unsupported, and rushed towards it."

"I never travel," remarked the knowing gentleman, "in countries where there is danger to be apprehended from snow, without a flask of brandy, a pair of snow-proof leggings, and, as I have said before, a pocket-compass."

"Well, but I was not travelling," argued the talkative gentleman, "I was going out to dinner."

"It's all one," said the professed traveller, "you should have taken the things I have mentioned out to dinner with you."

"I have lost the thread—" began the talkative gentleman.

"Here is my pocket-housewife," said the knowing gentleman, pulling one out of his pouch; "it is full of thread."

"The thread of my narrative, sir," replied the loquacious gentleman, with some dignity. "Let me see, where was I? Oh, I remember; I had just descried a small object raised above the level of the snow, and had rushed hastily towards it."

"I am unable to imagine what must have been the accents of my voice when I called out to my poor dear wife, 'Thank Heaven, Julia, here's ginger beer sold here,' and we are saved."

"The sign-board was close to our own house, and in ten minutes more we were at home and safe. But we had been wandering for five hours round and round and up and down, for it was, as I remarked before, half-past ten P.M. when we left the Governor's house, and it was just half-past three A.M. when we reached our own. Mrs. B—— was taken very unwell, and——" Here his voice sank in a confidence to his neighbour, and the rest of the sentence—with the exception of the word "premature"—escaped me.

Of this word I can make neither head nor tail.

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